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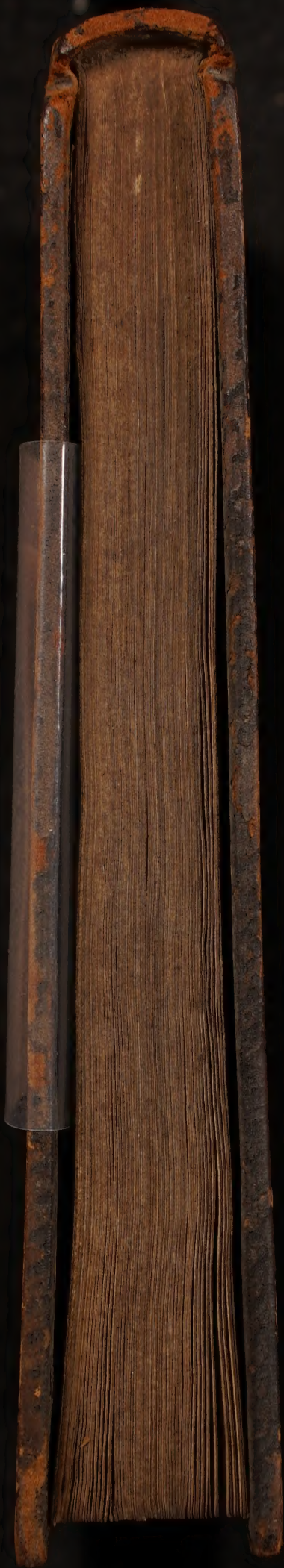
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COUNT
AREZZI







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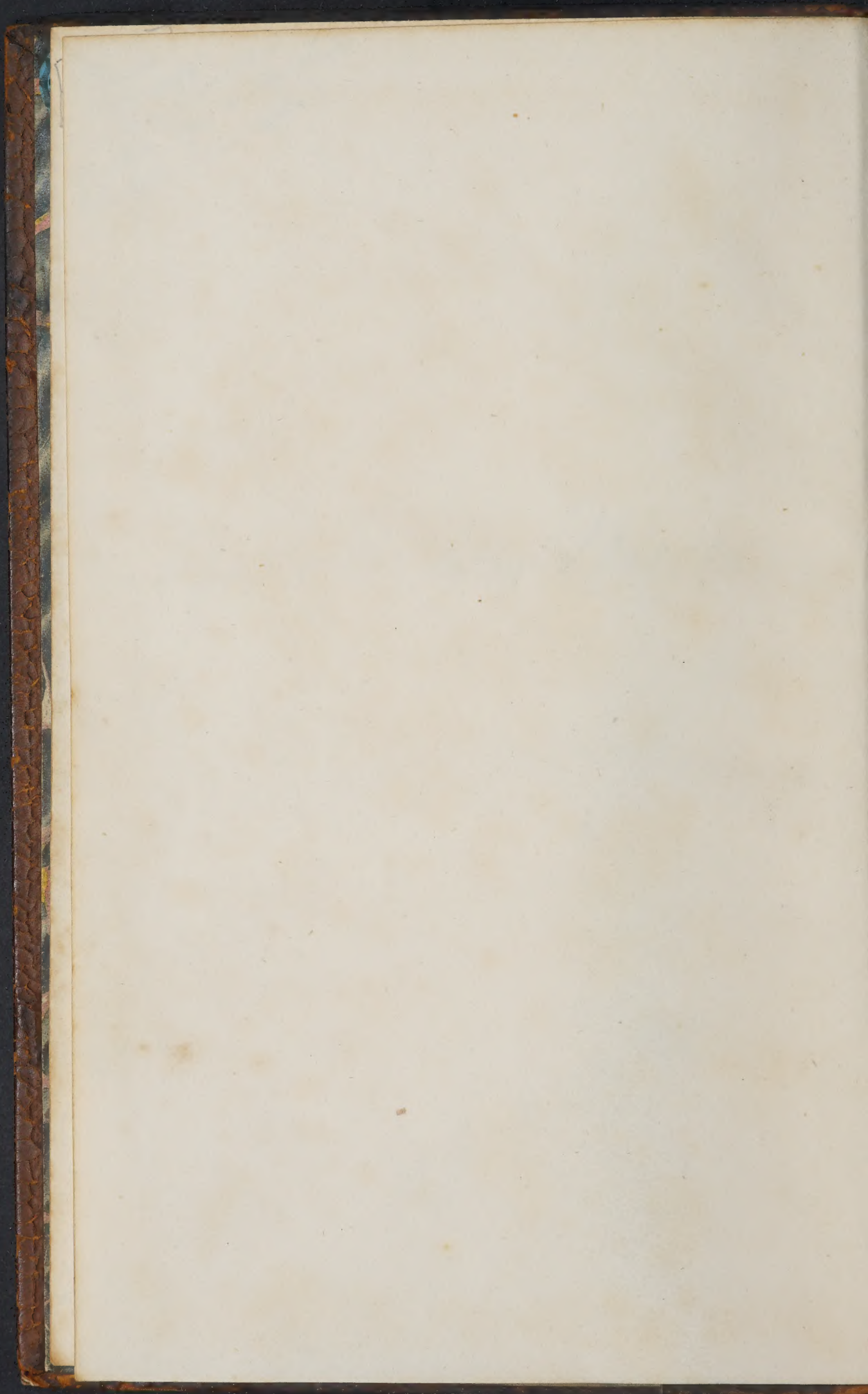




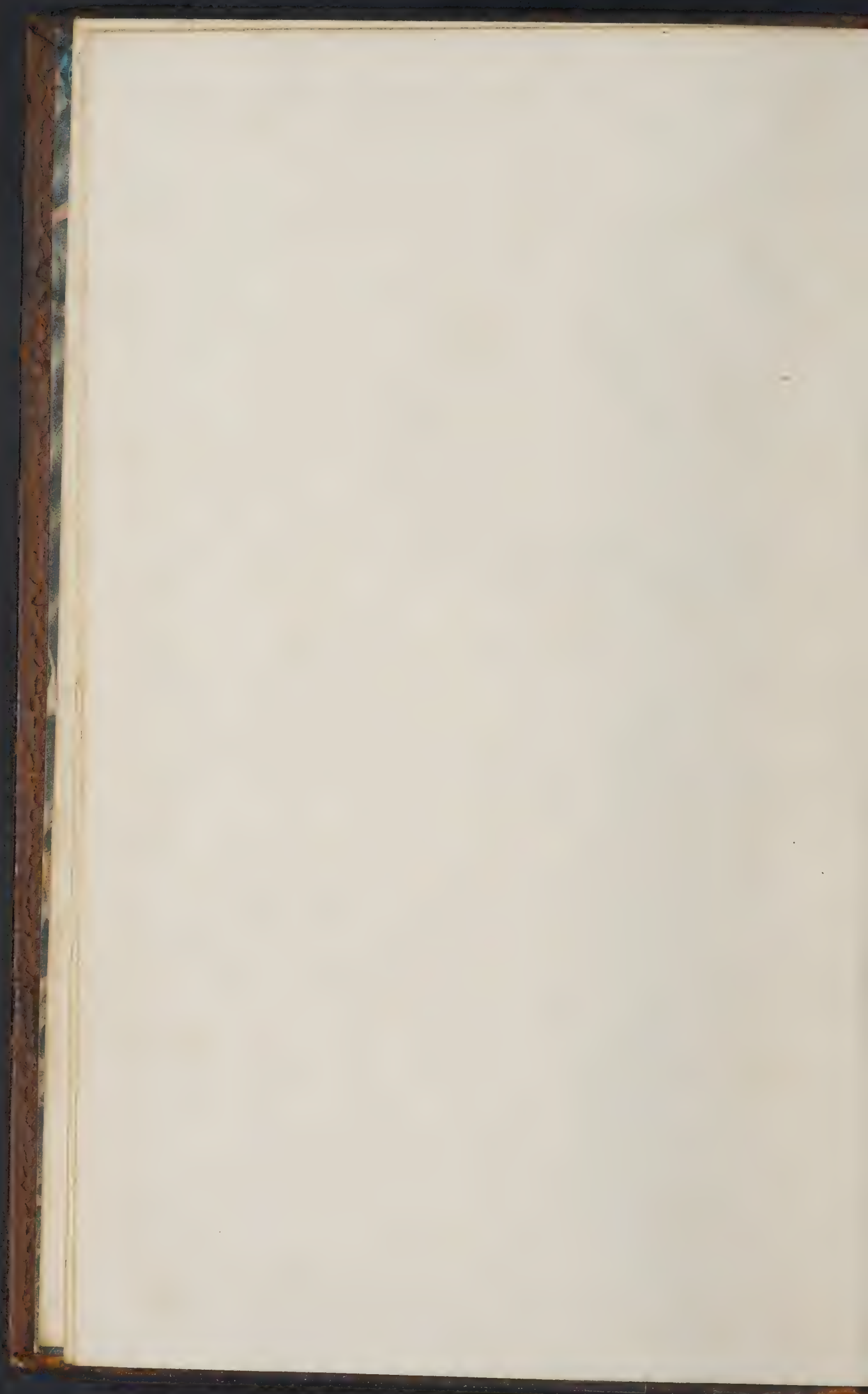
[Jy R.E.
LANDOR
(1781-1869)
this is a presentation
copy from his daughter
his niece (see below).

this book for my Nieces

Vol 91







THE COUNT AREZZI,

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

LONDON:

JOHN BOOTH, DUKE STREET, PORTLAND PLACE.

1824.

HOWLETT AND TRIMMER, PRINTERS,
FRITH STREET, SOHO.

CHARACTERS.

FERDINAND, *Duke of Calabria, and Regent of Naples.*

THE PRINCE OF ANDRIA, *Minister to Ferdinand.*

THE COUNT AREZZI, *Ward, and supposed Dependant, of
Prince Andria.*

CIMBELLI, *the Friend of Arezzi.*

CASTRO, *a Roman Gentleman, the Friend of Cimbelli.*

SAVELLI, *Treasurer to the Abbey of St. Ignazio, and formerly
Tutor of Arezzi.*

GERARDO TENUCCI, *Brother of Prince Andria, and now a
Monk in the Abbey of St. Ignazio.*

LUDOVICO, *a Monk in the same Abbey.*

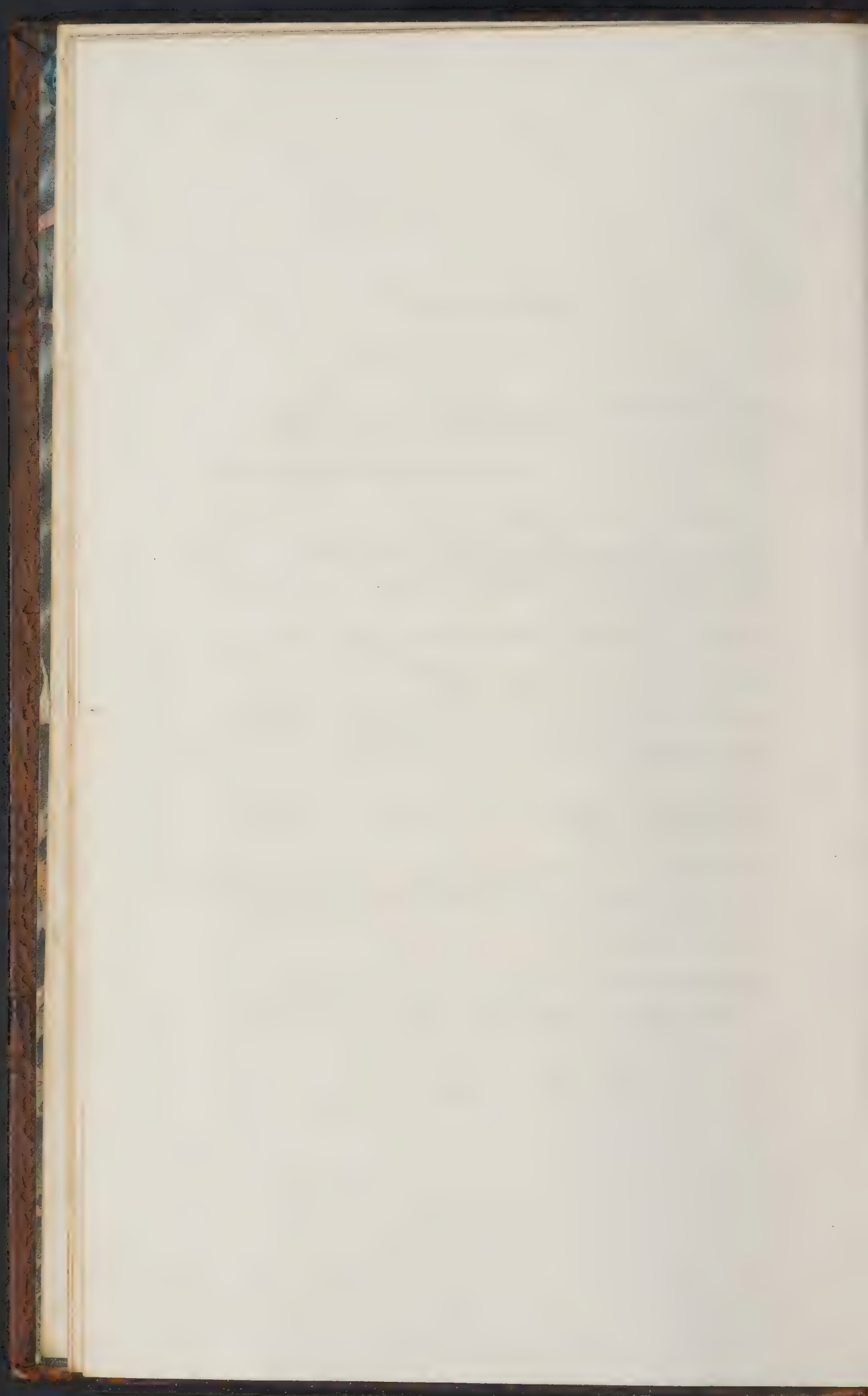
DON GABRIEL LUCERNA, } *Spanish Noblemen, and Courtiers*
DON FLOREZ ZAVA, } *of Ferdinand.*

THE DUCHESS ISABELLA, *Infanta of Spain, and Aunt of
Ferdinand.*

THE PRINCESS CICILIA, *an Orphan Daughter of the
late Prince of Parma, related to the Duchess, and
educated by her.*

*Provost of the State Prison; Asti and Filippo; Servants;
Monks; Citizens; Conspirators; Guards, and Attendants.*

Scene—Naples.



THE COUNT AREZZI,

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Public Walk in Naples.

CIMBELLI *and* CASTRO.

CIMBELLI.

Where did you rest last night?

CASTRO.

I slept at Capua.

CIMBELLI.

Fortune is kind in this, at least my fortune,
Who makes us meet so early.

CASTRO.

I have heard

That she has shewn her kindness of late,
By happier signs than this.

B

CIMBELLI.

Not so, believe me,
And yet I am content: I treat her Grace
Much as I treat my Cynthia, when she smiles,
Kiss her for smiling; when she frowns I kiss her
To make her smile again.

CASTRO.

Why this is wisdom—
If we had left the drum to study greek,
We could have learnt no more.

CIMBELLI.

A plague on learning!
Wise men are wise by nature; for myself,
I did not follow Wisdom, Wisdom liked
And followed me. She found me on my legs,
A Peripatetic to the chin. But tell me,
Why come to Naples now? to see the Bay
And visit Churches; look upon a Statue
And yawn? Lent lasts till Midsummer this year.
The king is gone, the duke, the fleet, the courtiers—
Our catguts are unscrewed—no plays, nor music,
Processions all put off—and worst of all,
The ladies grown litigious.

CASTRO.

Sad indeed!
The king hath sailed for Spain?

CIMBELLI.

Our geese were sure
That he loved Naples best; but lo! his kingship

Wisely prefers their acre to our rood,
Slips on his brother's stool as soon as empty,
And leaves us wondering here.

CASTRO.

His son gone too?

CIMBELLI.

Not far—he will come back again. The duke,
And bearer to his Grace of brains and beard,
The prince of Andria—viscounts, counts and barons,
The noblest of our nobles, Naples' giants,
Most loyally run the risk of catching cold,
And wait upon the king toward Spain. The fleet
Divides at sea, one half attends his person,
And one returns.

CASTRO.

What—is the duke your viceroy?

CIMBELLI.

Some say, our king.

CASTRO.

Duke Ferdinand?—so young?

He seem'd a boy last year.

CIMBELLI.

He is one still,
And kind enough withal : but kind or crabbed,
Or young, or old, the viceroy, or the king,
It matters not to us : the tail of Spain
Must go where goes the head.

CASTRO.

What think the people?

CIMBELLI.

That bread is cheap enough, and grapes too dear.
The people think ! there are, indeed—but hush !
Who lov'd not Spain before, abjure her now,
Would, if they could, be free ; and therefore rather
That children ruled than men.

CASTRO.

And one of these
Is 'good Cimbelli ?

CIMBELLI.

You must know my friends,
But first and best Arezzi.

CASTRO.

What Arezzi ?

CIMBELLI.

Prince Andria's ward.

CASTRO.

The Count you wrote about ?

CIMBELLI.

The same—no, not the same, but changed ; he then
Was merry like myself ; now flat or froward,
Much given to splenetic thoughts, chin-deep in love,
Warped all awry, soon vexed, and prone to squabble,
Too hasty with his sword.

CASTRO.

My dear Cimbelli,
Is this the first and best ?

CIMBELLI.

Yet generous, noble,

Unspotted, artless—What is ill came late,
And will away again.

CASTRO.

But when! who brought i ?

CIMBELLI.

Love and his guardian Andria. It were hard
To tell his history. His parents died,
He scarcely two spans long. They loved—were married;
Fled secretly, and perished in their flight
At sea. Andria was next of kin; he found
And nursed the child as his—he has no other;
Arezzi lived at court. The duchess, there
Made him companion to her niece—one dish,
One cradle served them both, and now who wonders
If they should choose one bed! The duchess frowns,
Prince Andria frowns; the duke affects his cousin—
Your boy last year is old enough for that—
Arezzi pines at heart; but strangest yet,
This guardian Andria, who was kind till late,
Now deals perversely, stints his kinsman's purse,
And grows unjust throughout. Come, let us find him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Royal Palace in Naples.

AREZZI and CICILIA.

AREZZI.

Prince Andria and the duchess both forbid it?
And now we may not speak, nor see each other,
This they call just!

CICILIA.

Yes, we may see and speak,
But not as lovers.

AREZZI.

How then else—as friends?
You say so too, Cicilia? Well, henceforth, friends!
And thus we fall more easily. It is
The temperate grade upon a sinking scale,
Where honor sticks awhile as love is changing;
Tired Fancy's bating place; a comma mark'd
'Twixt faith and fraud—the shower before a thaw—
Consumption's hectic—or a breath to cool
The blistering scalds of perjury and shame!—
Love's short and dreary twilight ends in storms!
The incense on his altar once put out,
Will burn no more. Those fires, like Vesta's, last
Pure and immutable while faith preserves them
But lost, they leave a portent in their place;

The censor cool'd they never light again.
We, that have lov'd so long, must talk of friendship!
Garnish our goodly thoughts in gracious words,
And end with trash like this!

CICILIA.

But why blame me?

AREZZI.

Can love, through choice recede, and step by step
Descend as he ascended? O! but softly;
You may remind me that my folly runs
Too fast before your wisdom. You are wise,
Those lips have never promised love! their smiles
Were happy things to dream of, and my pride,
Gave mute looks, words.

CICILIA.

Then faith stands clear; you say

I never promised love?

AREZZI.

I do.

CICILIA.

If so—

Shame, which has kept me silent, dies with hope:
I promise now. But this seems hard, Arezzi,
Thus ever when we meet, distrust and blame!
Is only one unhappy?—both are bound
With fetters which we must not hope to break,
And if we might, say, would we?

AREZZI.

I will doubt

No more—suspect thee ! wretched as I was,
Unjust, ungrateful, undeserving ever,
To be thus happy now !

CICILIA.

Ah ! wherefore happy ?

Love must be silent here : his wings themselves,
Which flutter lightly o'er the fond and blessed,
Might waken who would part us.

AREZZI.

Let them wake, then ;

Shall we, whose servitude has easier names,
With blood as noble as their own, and hearts
As high as theirs, still eat the bread they give
In fear, forsooth, and thankfulness ? endure
Rebuke with reverence—curtesy when they smile—
Do, or do not ; nay love and hate by rule—
Go as their horses go, now checked or urged,
Approved and patted, threatened and chastised,—
And this because they feed us ?

CICILIA.

It were just

To say—because they love us : they have earned
Their right, by doing good, to do their will—
At least be just, Arezzi.

AREZZI.

For myself

I would that they had left me where they found,
To thrive or perish as high Heaven saw best,
So I might thank none else.

CICILIA.

We may misal

A thankless spirit, a great one. Who besides
Would talk of tyranny here? The laws consign
The orphan to its kindred—me they placed
Safe in a two-fold wardship; first, of blood,
And, next, of sovereignty. The king transferred
His office to his sister, and I live
Where bounty shows its attributes, but hides
Its face and name—a daughter of their house,
A child, and not a subject.

AREZZI.

I alas!

I but a sort of pigmy too, must bear
A burden huge as Etna, and my loins
Raw with the torment of this burning debt,
Be scorched as well as wearied. Well, well, well,
I will repent, confess myself unjust—
Ungrateful! say not so—you shall not think so,
Nor henceforth find it so. From my soul, Cicilia,
I reverence both.

CICILIA.

Prove that by what you do;

It is the mock of service to profess
All other duties but the one thing bidden,
And start from that.

AREZZI.

Ah! that is all, or more
Than all beside—the excepted fruit withheld,

Has marred their Paradise !

CICILIA.

Nay, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Cloisters in the Monastery of St. Ignazio.—A bell tolling.

Enter SAVELLI meeting GERARDO and LUDOVICO.

GERARDO.

The abbey lacks an abbot—we a father.

SAVELLI.

I learnt it from the bell.

LUDOVICO.

Alas ! but now,
The good old man is taken to his rest !

SAVELLI.

How did his spirit pass ?

LUDOVICO.

As we should pray
That yours may do and mine ; it left behind
A smile to grace its dust.

GERARDO.

Yet one stood near
Who thought he called for help ; but I did not,
Nor heard him speak.

LUDOVICO.

They held the rood before,
And there his eyes were steady till their sight
Was scaled and dimm'd by death.

SAVELLI.

So, peace be with him!
His end was happy.

LUDOVICO.

Such, as such a life
The best deserves.

GERARDO.

Yet good men die in fear
Sometimes, and ill ones calmly.

LUDOVICO.

While the flesh
Holds, yea though loosely, on the fluttering spirit,
It still hath power.

SAVELLI.

Well, may his sleep be bless'd;
We live to suffer here.

GERARDO.

It has been thought—
And men think what they wish—that one of you
Shall keep his chair from vacancy, and hold
The staff he leaves.

SAVELLI.

All look toward Ludovico.

LUDOVICO.

I think not so, nor wish it so: the duke

Will choose more wisely.

[*Enter a Monk, who says to Ludovico—*

One would speak without.

LUDOVICO.

To meet again. Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*

GERARDO.

He thinks not so,
Nor wishes that it should be so : good now,
This man of truth tells lies ! there is not one
Amongst so many, from himself and thee,
To him that lights the lamps and swings the censor,
Cook, porter, verger, sacristan, or dean,
But would be abbot if he could. Men look,
Even as thou saidst, toward him : the duke, the while,
Our seedling Agamemnon out at sea,
The king of men, may look a different way
Toward good Savelli. From my soul I think
That none tell truth ; that not a man who lives
But lies ; that Ludovico lies—that he
For whom they ring those bells, did much the same,
And dying smiled to think how many fools
He left behind him. Thou and I, Savelli,
Do wrong to one another ; thou dost hold
Thy friend a knave, an eminent knave ; and I
Think worse, the while, of mine. Yet prithee, why ?
Each knows his partner best, what cards he plays,
And when he cheats, how shuffles—if he knew
The others in the game as well—

SAVELLI.

Peace, peace !

It is not so Gerardo. Men like us
Are prone to err in this. There is a fault
Most dangerous in contempt, and some have fallen,
Who judged as thou. We should know well our brethren :
There are both bad and good, some wise, some foolish.

GERARDO.

So be it—the wise man's wisdom does but this,
It hides his follies ; and the good man's goodness
Is fraud in luck. Should two as old as we are,
Whose puppets dance all day before the sun,
Doubt if some Punch abroad be not a god,
And call his candles stars ? Name one man honest.

SAVELLI.

This Ludovico stands within his cell
The same as in the face of men and Heaven ;
And so did he just dead.

GERARDO.

Now who knows that ?

Why think not so of me ? my gown is worn
As bare as theirs—a frail and mortified man,
Once frail, now mortified ! and for thyself,
Thou hast a fasting face : fair Nature saves
Thee, her foul child, one lie, and kindly takes
That sin upon herself—makes thee look pale,
Grave, temperate, chaste, and pious. Some have said,
“ What reverend man goes there ? ”—they might have stared
Indeed, if they had seen thee where thou wentest,

And striven with their own eyes. Then for thy words,
They drop upon men's hearts like showers in June,
When blows the south wind grossly. Who that hears
Thinks of the blight and worm !—

SAVELLI.

More than thou knowest,
If Heaven have made me what thou sayest, and art ;
A sort of atmosphere surrounds the good—
Some subtile exhalation from within,
Not seen, but felt ; another too the wicked,
Each as its kind in nature. Know thee not !
I hail'd thee at a league. In twenty years
This Ludovico wears unfray'd throughout,
And will do twenty more.

GERARDO.

If I were found,
It was by instinct, then : but other men
Lack something of that sympathy ; and few
Can feel the wind, as thou canst, fair or foul,
And damp or dry, an hour before it blow.
A moral weathergage, a magnet primed
And pointing blank toward sin ; a crow-beaked spirit
Which scents the carrion ere the man be dead,
Follows the marching carcase.

SAVELLI.

Prithee be quiet.
At present we have much to think and do.
The fleet comes homeward ; it is seen, they say,

From Procita, far off. Let gales like these
Blow all night long, the duke will land to-morrow.

GERARDO.

We must not loiter then.

SAVELLI.

Brother be wary :

Greatness lies broad before us, ruin and shame
On either side.

GERARDO.

We shall go safely through. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

*The Castle of St. Elmo, commanding a view of Naples and
the Bay.*

AREZZI and CIMBELLI.

CIMBELLI.

But why so fast Arezzi? hills like this
Need cooler time of day; or one whose veins
Are shrunken conduits to diluted wine
At last let dry; whose flesh was fed on salads;
A thing of kid-skin bleach'd; a moon adorer—
Endymion's proxy—lord of dreams and visions—
A loving Lent-observing priest of Cupid—
A natural ghost—a sigh-embodied spectre—
Anacreon's cricket—

AREZZI.

Rest that tongue a little,
Thy legs do well enough, but who can prate,
Or hear thee prate untir'd? It is as hard
To drag thee chattering on a hill like this,
As to Vesuvius' top if trudg'd in silence.

CIMBELLI.

Well then, go mount alone: I seat me here,
And so adieu! Wouldst drive me like an ass?
Whip me because I tarry?

AREZZI.

Thou didst stop
To bray, not rest. Come rouse thee—one step more,
And we are there.

CIMBELLI.

They cannot land so soon,
The fleet lies two miles off. And why the summit?
Why to the top of all? That we may stand
So much the nearer to the sun, and melt
So much the faster?

AREZZI.

Good goose, that we may see
So much the farther.

CIMBELLI.

Good or not, the goose
Is bilious liver'd, and hates roasting there.
What hinders that we see as clearly hence?
Is there a boat upon the bay, a sail,
I might have said a sea-bird—on the beach,

A net hung up, a mast, a rope, an oar,
But we may see it here?

AREZZI.

Well, then, sit still.

CIMBELLI.

Behold the end of fasting! surfeits choke
Such thriftless abstinence! They say it clears
The visual organ, strengthens and extends
All sorts of seeing, both of mind and body,
Within us and without us: but alas!
This lover grows stone blind. Cupid transforms
His servant to his likeness—as the god,
So blinks the worshipper. Farewell then tears,
And sighs, and empty bellies! I would see,
As I see now, Vesuvius lift unbent
His feathery column whitening toward the skies,
And that pure Heaven behind him—see the isles
Rest on the smooth blue waves—the mountain sides
Look dark and high—the populous shores beneath
Black with their swarming multitudes—mast heads
And city roofs all thronged.

AREZZI.

A race, a race—

Now eyes, now tongue! If the new king should need
In his new realm a poet—one who sees
A shrimp a mile, the nails in Pegasus' shoes,
Castalia's minnows, and on Pindus' side
How green the grasshoppers—

[Cannons are fired.]

CIMBELLI.

I pray be still !

AREZZI.

The ears start last : what dost thou hear, Cimbelli ?

CIMBELLI.

How long the flash and smoke foreran the sound !
It is the duke—he leaves his ship for land,
That inmost barge is his.

AREZZI.

A hundred more

Attend him home, or meet him.

CIMBELLI.

They which bear

Their double banners gaily in the stern,
Have with them sweetest music.

AREZZI.

Thou canst hear

The flutes, but I cannot.

CIMBELLI.

What hear them here !

Said I, I heard them ?

AREZZI.

Didst thou not, even now,

Commend the music, call it sweet, Cimbelli ?

CIMBELLI.

And so it is, no doubt. Marry, these pipers
Shall learn the Duke's good-morrow to his Bride,
And play your Farewell Elegy—they are
The best in Naples.

AREZZI.

O ! my soul is sick,
And this is murder to it.— [*Cannons are heard again.*

CIMBELLI.

The guns again !
This shot is from the castle ; when he lands,
The mole will give the third.

AREZZI.

Nay, hark ! even still
The echo rolls around us—Ischia answers—
And now the mountains !—It was here that once
I watched, by night, the tempest, till this rock
Shook from its roots ; and in the light'nings blaze—
Though all was fourfold darkness when they ceased—
I saw Vesuvius and the waves between,
As plain as I do now.

CIMBELLI.

What thing on earth,
Or what beneath it, could tempt wise men here
In such a night as this ?

AREZZI.

Ill spirits, of whom
The worst was Jealousy.

CIMBELLI.

Sweet Count, good bye—
Nay, do not move : I would not knowingly make
This devil's best friends mine own. He is a coxcomb,
Apt to take things awry, turn blue to black,

And white to yellow—he might grow scrupulous of myself,
And so I leave you—(*going out he meets SAVELLI.*)

Bless us! who comes next?

The same we spoke about!

AREZZI.

Good day, good father.

SAVELLI.

It is the better that I find you here ;
And yet not good, Arezzi.

CIMBELLI.

World! O! world!

All sort of men are moonstruck or possessed,
Priests, elders, bachelors, and those with wives—
All wretched, all forlorn, all prone to darkness,
All tempted, vexed, tormented! I would find
Some wizard, with his almanack, to learn
The worst at once.

SAVELLI.

Young man this mirth is folly.

There wants no almanack to tell the wise
Ill jests are jests ill-timed.

CIMBELLI.

But hear me, father—

There is a reason for my mirth.

SAVELLI.

What is it?

CIMBELLI.

One little spark remains to light mankind,

And that grows dim. Wouldst take my bellows from me,
Leave us in utter darkness, shake thine ears
Because, forsooth, I puff to keep thee warm?—
Buffet thy friend?—

SAVELLI.

I do repent Cimbelli,
My heart was sore, and thou didst touch it roughly.

CIMBELLI.

Poor hearts! one bruised, one broken! Love like Death,
Smites all alike—the teacher and the taught!
Nor heeds he now the old man's length of beard,
The wise man's depth of knowledge, or with both
The churchman's height of grace!—

SAVELLI.

Be merry ever,
We will not chide again—'twere just to bear
Our griefs ourselves.—

CIMBELLI.

What griefs?—

SAVELLI.

Go, go—no matter.

AREZZI.

Say what they are.—

SAVELLI.

The father of our house
Is taken from us!—

CIMBELLI.

Who?

SAVELLI.

Our abbot.

CIMBELLI.

Gone?

SAVELLI.

Departed yesterday.

CIMBELLI.

What dead—deceased!

The abbot dead?

SAVELLI.

He left us here at noon.

CIMBELLI.

S'blood let him go then! by that beard, I thought
To hear of some worse mischief—flames, volcanos;
A battle lost—another nunnery building—
An earthquake, deluge, famine—that the vines
Were withered to the roots—that men must drink
Henceforth from brooks like sheep! and while this dread
Made my teeth chatter—lo! it ends—"the abbot
"Deceased, departed, taken from us, gone—
"The father of our house!"—He might have had
My leave to go, and all his children with him.
Frightened to death for this!—What, did he keep
The cellar key, and take it in his pocket?
Will no one wear his mitre—no kind pate
Through love or charity?

SAVELLI.

The task were easy

To find a head, but hard to chuse one fit.
The covering seems too costly for a block,
Too weighty for a shell so cracked and empty
As this of thine.

CIMBELLI.

Among so many shorn,
There are your sheep's-heads, lamb's-heads, ram's-heads,
goat's-heads ;
The last have beards to wear, but truck their horns
In change for fleeces with the flock. Come, prithee
Why shouldst not thou be abbot ?

SAVELLI.

Count, farewell !

I have not strength to-day for wars like these :
The daw pursues the raven.—I will keep
A graver word or two for you.

CIMBELLI.

The Count—

Who stands regardless there, like some church cock,
Too high in air to hear the preacher's doctrine—
Hath present need of wisdom : as for me,
I have enough. Stand fast, and take my place —
Exhort, admonish. I must hence to court,
Where grave words gender spleen, and true ones, sport.

[*Exit.*

SAVELLI.

You should go too, Arezzi.

AREZZI.

I should, but cannot.

SAVELLI.

You will be asked for, and this splenetic court
May read your *could not*—*would not*.

AREZZI.

Let it do so :

Both versions are the true.

SAVELLI

Come, come—the wise

Will learn to fondle what they do not love.
This harlot Naples, paints her cheeks to day
And feasts a younger lover. He went out
A duke, and if men's certainties prove true,
Returns a king. Prince Andria rules the state
As vizier to our sultan. You should haste
To welcome both—their subject, ward, and cousin.

[AREZZI.

Heaven keeps me of a humble mind, and so
Their ward and subject—for the cousin, it makes me
Thankful enough. A twofold service needs
A threefold patience : this word kinsman seems
Like gilded collar on some great man's dog,
His master's wealth, not his.

SAVELLI.

Mark me, my son,
Who cannot stand, may kneel. Such collars bind
The neck of almost all : the days are gone
When Naples was without them, and might call
Her nobles, men. Dogs' natures need dogs' chains ;

Spain holds the whip and whistles to her whelps—
Ware contumacy, Count!

AREZZI.

Patience, just Heaven!

Who is it that provokes our shame and mocks
Our fetters, but yourself?

SAVELLI.

Well, so I do,

And ought to do, and will do—till I find
The lash too heavy for the back. Be humble—
The patience that you pray for comes at last
To render baseness easier. What I hate
Is this ambiguous and unnatural thing
Which wags its idiot head about the streets,
And must be worshipped—honor, in good sooth!
Nobility, what not! pure blood! high lineage!
Patrician pride!—why, prithee, gentle Count—
And gentle seems the Count's addition here—
Is pride for you or me? should slaves look greatly?
And those, whose masters are a subject's servants,
Boast of their ancestry?—We! these rocks beneath us
Seem to upbraid the coward for his boasts,
And teach us shame! the feet of heroes trod
Even where we stand, while Pleasure and Repose
Prepared their myrtles in the cool alcove,
Or spread the purple couch for glorious toil.
These are the mountains where they gazed—we see
Their tombs and temples round us—we usurp

The labor of their hands, and build our homes
With fragments left from their's—we know their shapes,
Boast of their lineage, read their wills as heirs,
And fix their statues in our groves and halls!
We slaves do this! Spain sends barbarian kings
To rule in Naples:—Scipio's bondmen now
May scourge his children!

AREZZI.

Wherefore this to me?

SAVELLI.

That shame may teach thee meekness, my proud son.
Go, show thy duty toward the duke—he is
Too mighty for a rival, now; so smile
And kiss his princely hand, and he will be
Thy gracious master. Thou shalt have, in time,
Some other wife.

AREZZI.

If not, I hope to find
Some better comforter. Bless thee, Savelli!
Thou shalt preach patience to the fiends, and stir
Their fires around them while they hear. Look down,
And out of all those thousands, chuse one man
So manacled in spirit as I, or fenced
So close by circumstance from what he would;
And see which stirs the first.

SAVELLI.

Ah! thus it is—

Life swarms with hindrances: its pebbles grow
To rocks and stumbling blocks. Our gnats and flies

Are vulture-winged. The cobwebs of the world
Catch and enchain its giants. One dares much,
But cannot—why? he fills a place at court.
A second is in love. A third sits patient
As kinsman to a kinsman of the Duke.
This has a guardian near the throne—the other
Was once his highness' playmate. While we hang,
Entangled by our feathers half life through,
From twigs like these, that merciless hand draws
near—

Gently indeed at first, yet hard as Death's—
To grasp the courtier's wand, the kinsman's honors,
The ward's whole patrimony—it thrusts apart
The lover and his mistress—but it leaves
The patriot's doubts! If all men felt as we do,
Rome had found kinder matrons for her kings,
And Brutus gloried in his son!—but come. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

An apartment in the Palace.

DUCHESS, CICILIA, and PRINCE of ANDRIA.

DUCHESS.

We talk, and wisely—politic both—nay one
Can mingle with his speech a traveller's tales
Of winds and seas; while tired and idly by,

Cicilia muses till these grave words end—
Say something of the duke.

CICILIA.

Prince Andria brings
His earliest offerings to your Grace, the last
He keeps for me.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

His highness, when he comes,
Shall make soft vows for both.

DUCHESS.

O! use does much;
Cicilia, tell him he hath practised long:
Prince Andria whispered in thy mother's ear
Vows, ere the duke was born—his lips were there
As constant as her ear-rings.

CICILIA.

They appear
A kind of heir-loom, common to the house,
Hereditary things which once were precious:
Their fashion suits the setting of the times,
And shall become your Grace.

DUCHESS.

Well, now my brother,
How were his looks at last?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Even such they were
As suited better with his mind than fortune—
Kind, gracious, but not happy.

DUCHESS.

He has left

His happier thoughts with us, but Heaven, which gave him
So much of honor here, will bless his days
With larger glory on a loftier throne,
And raise him friends in Spain.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

He loved us well ;

Naples was what he made it : but in Spain
Things rest on custom, and he will be there
Greater, indeed, not happier.

DUCHESS.

Tell me next,

What day it was you left him ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Our Lady's Eve ;

Till then the winds, which bore him forth toward Spain,
Seemed loth to speed his passage, yet ashamed
To leave his fluttering sails unfilled—by fits
They lingered and returned, pursued, then tarried,
And did their office sorrowing. Here, at length,
Sardinia lay before us, with her hills
Higher than the sun declined. O'er the glazed sea
Some long blue streaks stretched darkening in the breeze,
All else was motionless. The fleet lay close—
Shadowing its burnished image in the deep—
So that we saw the pomp, and heard the sounds—
Mistress of many nations. Each thronged ship—
As well as that we sailed in with the king—

Had lowered its standard till the mass was said,
And while they sang the vespers. Never yet
Has music seemed so holy ! We were there,
Who jointly in this world should hear no more
What we had heard so oft. At last the king
Said something good to each ; embraced his son ;
And bade us, if indeed we were his friends,
To honor whom he left us. For myself—
He placed me next the duke, and spoke at large
Of faith long tried, and services approved,
Which, though they pleased me, shamed me. While we
 knelt,

The tear was in his eye, and when the barge
Bore us in sorrow from his side, he said
“ Commend me to my sister.”

 DUCHESS.

 Ah ! I feared

That he might hold him doubtful if I loved,
And so himself love less. It seemed unkind
To let him part without me, and to chuse—
Though suffered freely as I was—my home,
Here from his own thus far.

 PRINCE ANDRIA.

 Not so, believe me ;

He did not think it so, but twice he said,
“ Now that the pang is past, the choice ends well ;
“ I leave my son, my friends.”

 DUCHESS.

 Generous still !

The same Don Carlos ever. And the duke
Returns a sovereign to his father's throne,
In all but name, a king?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

He is, toward Spain,
A son, and not a subject. We but wait
Awhile in policy, he then will bear
The name and sceptre of a king.

DUCHESS.

It is

As I have wished indeed. The good shall see
Dominion well conferred, and well divided:
Spain has outgrown her strength; the trunk, though large,
Hath stretched its giant arms too far, and now
It sickens with their weight.

[*Enter the Duke.*

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Behold! the Duke.

DUKE.

Health to my gracious Aunt, and what beside
Is fairest, holiest.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Hath she not beside her,
That which is fair and holy?

DUKE.

Both indeed

Forgive me, dear Cicilia—I mistook,
Forget, I never could.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Mistaken twice—

Your highness' rights are twofold now—as prince,
And kinsman too—so why not twofold kisses?
In this the king was wiser.

DUCHESS.

It bodes ill
To stumble at the threshold of a reign—
Prince Andria counsels prudently, for kings
Should show their power at first.

CICILIA.

Then let his Grace
Begin with some hard enterprise, and close
Prince Andria's mouth.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

This counsel is the same
I gave myself, save that the mouth is not.—
His highness made long prayers.

DUKE.

My aunt will pardon.
It was as she has taught me: I should gain
Rebukes, not smiles, if what I owed to her
Were paid the first, while slowly, out of place,
My debts to Heaven came next.

DUCHESS.

Even from the shore
The younger hastened to his prayers, and blessed
Good guidance hence and home—the elder ran
To gossip here with women! now pass on.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Public Walk.

AREZZI and SAVELLI.

SAVELLI.

We shall unriddle mysteries, and absolve
Whether in this young world, new fortune meet us,
Or we must take the old.

AREZZI.

But tell me how?

SAVELLI.

By asking something warmly, suing, urging,
Making one point the pivot of your will,
Still begging more, entreating.

AREZZI.

By mine honor

I would not for the crown.

SAVELLI.

The crown! the coxcomb!

It is not for the crown—well—let it be,
This honor seems engaged to do no good;
It will not serve its friends.

AREZZI.

What wouldst thou have?

SAVELLI.

That which I do not covet. I tell thee, Count,
I must be abbot—crowns with us are mitres,
And one stands void: yet, for myself, I care
No more than thou for thine. We love our brethren,
And would do kindly to the kind—they wish it,
For them I wish it too. The poor lack bread,
The naked shelter! we shall see, beside,
Whether we judge this guardian by our spleen,
What are our hopes hereafter. I shall be
A rule to take the measure of his thoughts;
If he refuse, look wisely toward thy fortunes,
If not, he loves thee still.

AREZZI.

I need not try him.

SAVELLI.

Well, well—then others will. I am not left
So naked by my friends, that such a prayer
Will be refused me twice.

AREZZI.

Have patience, father.

SAVELLI.

Patience!—well patience—if I lack such here,
It is because the first of twenty wishes—
Not blown by forced suggestion whence they came,
But prompt, though false, that sometime something good,
By some kind chance might rise to prove your love—

Should slink and stagger like a threatener bearded,
And cite your honor for its halt—your honor !

AREZZI.

I would not ask it for myself.

SAVELLI.

Nor shall you
Do more for me : this were to profit both—
But let us now forget it ; when I try
Your love again, the folly will be double,
Till then, adieu !

AREZZI.

Nay, prithee father—come—
I will do any thing you wish.

SAVELLI.

Then hear me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

DUCHESS *and* CICILIA.

DUCHESS.

My spirit is more perplexed to day—the day
I looked for rest.

CICILIA.

It is but seldom thus.

DUCHESS.

Why no—for that, thank Heaven! our blood runs freely,
Nor frozen nor fired; but now I grieve to seem
Unkind, or worse—unjust: Arezzi flies me;
And thou too, child, though wiser, nobler, better,
Of more enduring nature—

CICILIA.

What!—your Grace
Will not distrust my love?

DUCHESS.

Come hither then.
Dost thou not love Arezzi too?

CICILIA.

Your highness
Hath ever seemed content that I should do so,

DUCHESS.

I have, indeed, till now.

CICILIA.

Nor hear I yet,
Why I should not.

DUCHESS.

My altered will, Cicilia.

CICILIA.

That shall command my duties; yet forgive
If what grows mightier than mine own will, prove
Almost too strong for yours.

DUCHESS.

Till late, you say,
I seemed consenting to his love?

CICILIA.

I thought so.

DUCHESS.

And so I did—I nursed its growth—and since
Have ever passed it smiling. Now our will
Turns back, not to rebuke, but bid it end :
Can this seem just ?

CICILIA.

Why not ? it were indeed
A starved and sickly faith, which lives no more
Than while it feeds on blessings—what I know
Is manifest good ; I will believe the same
Of that which I know not.

DUCHESS.

Bless thee ! Cicilia—
Thus ever swiftest in the race of goodness ;
I follow, shamed, far off ! but God forbid,
To bruise a heart like thine, or wrong with scruples
Its truth and singleness ! Come near me, child—
I can trust too—thou knowest I love Arezzi ?

CICILIA.

Not less than you love me.

DUCHESS.

I love him better.

CICILIA.

Even this I will not envy *him*, and yet
I thought not so before.

DUCHESS.

Ye both were mine,
By unpresuming wisdom thou, a spirit

Princely yet meek, and far too just for pride.
Yet he, though froward, and less in grace than thou art,
Is more mine own by nature.

CICILIA.

How so?

DUCHESS.

He is

Nearer in blood by much.

CICILIA.

In nature—

DUCHESS.

That—

No matter what we call it—instinct, yearning,
Which all-preserving Nature showers abroad
O'er mothers' hearts, to make their sorrows dear,
And waken tenderness through pain—dost blush?

CICILIA.

I knew not that I did—Arezzi's mother!

DUCHESS.

I give the key to wonder, but beware
Lest some injurious and ambiguous thought
Should enter too. My honor keeps its place
As high as suits the daughter of a king,
Don Carlos' sister—ha?

CICILIA.

Your Grace mistakes me.

The Count Arezzi yours?

DUCHESS.

My son, Cicilia—

Prince Andria's son—thy kinsman. This has been

The unquiet growth of more than twenty years—
Look ! how amazement tends to ecstasy—
Dost hear me speak ?

CICILIA.

Pray- pray—

DUCHESS.

I who abhor

The reptile traversings of dubious souls,
Have stooped to this. It could not be through shame,
For Andria was the image by whose gold
The noblest swore, and o'er whose laurell'd head
Was honor superscribed—his sovereign's friend,
The people's idol. Women when they loved,
Would feign some likeness 'twixt their choice and him,
And men grew proud to think it such—he was
What now Arezzi might be.

CICILIA.

Why not love him ?

DUCHESS.

Because he was a subject—and *my* brother
Had scorned to call him *his*. Through this, our marriage
Was hidden unhonor'd and half blessed.

CICILIA.

The Count Arezzi—

That Count Arezzi, then, whose name he bears,
Is but a dream !

DUCHESS.

There was a Count Arezzi,
Young, wealthy, well allied—but rash and hated,
Prince Andria's kinsman. Threatened and pursued,
He fled with one he loved, to Florence, Pisa,

Abode in Rome, and sailed, at last, toward Spain,
But perished in his flight. The time accorded ;
Andria was next in blood : their mystery lent
Our child a name, which justly we might give him,
As ours and his—it placed him in our sight,
His father's ward.

CICILIA.

How many thoughts come home
Till now forgot, which find their place unfilled,
Like martlets to their last year's nest in spring,
Disused, and yet familiar.

DUCHESS.

This love between you
Grew on unblamed and blameless. We descried
In him its present usefulness, to charm
Impure suggestions from the spirit of youth,
And turn its fires to profit : we believed
A future good to both : but Fortune thwarts us,
Another sovereign rules, the duke loves too.

CICILIA.

As children do—no more than I love him.

DUCHESS.

It matters not if thought so young may die
Ere fancy change to passion. Youthful dreams
Are mighty while they last. We must not say
“ Arezzi loved the first, give place”—our strength
Is Ferdinand's pleasure ; and beside all this,
Naples looks kindly on the boy—it shows
Truly, though ignorantly, a parent's fondness,
While we of Spain grow alien. There are around us

Who might awake ill-fears. Arezzi stands,
With you, too near the throne.

CICILIA.

Your Grace shall guide me ;

But still remember this—you have not found,
In twenty years, that Time can conquer Faith,
Or Wisdom Nature—judge my heart by your's.

DUCHESS.

I do, and find it pure where mine is not.
Why—bless thee, child—that which is told may show
How much I trust thee, and the time to come
Shall prove my love. If either had been less,
I could have kept my secret still.

CICILIA.

Your Grace

Shall not repent its loss.

DUCHESS.

Things changed from good
May change again from evil. Prince Andria waits
A message to us both from Spain; with that
We learn the worst—but—till it come—Cicilia,
Promise that prayers and sighs shall not prevail
Above the faith between us.

CICILIA.

I promise.

DUCHESS.

Lock what you hear from all; and, most, Arezzi.
Be wise and secret, child, till then.

CICILIA.

I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace Stairs.

SAVELLI and GERARDO.

SAVELLI.

Tell him that all men wish it—push him hard,
But warily : say that the abbot died
With his last hope—that, as for me, the honor
Is known, not sought, and felt, not coveted.—
Now go, and with good speed.

GERARDO.

But conscience, brother !

Three lies as preface to a deadly sin,
And simony to boot !—Why, no man wished it ;
The abbot never hoped it ; thou dost covet ;
And I expect some profit !

SAVELLI.

Well—be wise—

It is a day to prosper in. We come
The earliest suitors to this half-grown king,
And he will give to show that he is gracious—
The Count shall follow next.

GERARDO.

The Count indeed
Is wisely led, so may he come to grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Chamber in the Palace.

PRINCE of ANDRIA *and the* DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

You should have done it then. The tide at flood
Ran high, but missed, this bark where all our hopes
Are stored and destined for the days to come—
Lies idly on the perilous strand of time,
To rot or perish.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

But I could not do it,
And yet it will be done.

DUCHESS.

I trusted to you,
Or would have dared myself. Our brother's nature
Grew softer, and his spirit was more inclined,
While the winds called him from me. Men disclose
Their nature's frailties to observant eyes
Not least when least they feel them. Wherefore else
This double tenderness, and threefold friendship,
If those who love must part—but that the hours
Of passed communion were disturbed by folly,
Or fed to surfeiting? Had I knelt then
And owned that we deceived him, told our vows,
Our marriage, that Arezzi was our child,

The rest a fable—scattered and dissolved
This cloud-built mystery of twenty years—
He would have found a reason for our guile
In his late pride, weighed your deservings justly,
And left us here forgiven—I gave the task,
Through shame, to you.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I did engage to do it,
And failed, I own, through fear. The eve we left him
There was an hour for nature and kind thoughts,
When both drew farther from their place, and met
As level friends between. We spoke of Naples,
Duke Ferdinand, and you—your presence here,
Your honors in the state—and then I touched,
But tenderly—the eyeball of our hopes,
And talked of age and marriage. “Her grace”—I said—
“Climbs yet toward noon, but wedlock, to be blessed,
“Should not be later—while Life’s wheel turns round,
“What ceases to ascend, declines.”—Methought
His face was troubled as he stopped me here,
And answered thus— “She has no equal suitor.
“The pillows of high heads, if chaste, afford
“Too narrow room for love. Spain can find out
“But few to match her children. Better live
“Alone revered than coupled with the base.”

DUCHESS.

You are too wary, Andria—while we knock,
The gate is barred within. This politic wisdom
Lacks boldness to perfection.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Well—it does so.

I found my fault too late. You had my promise,
And yet it is fulfilled in part. The king
Knows all by this—that which I feared to speak,
I wrote at large. One watchful of his humours,
And near his side, marks some good hour in Spain
When we are missed and mourned—he has my letter,
And will bring back its answer. So forgive me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Monastery of St. Ignazio.

SAVELLI and GERARDO.

GERARDO.

It was a blessed thing to hear them speak
Of Ludovico and the saint deceased,
Their learning, and their wisdom, and their zeal!
You should have been there too—I never heard
More wholesome doctrine.

SAVELLI.

May we live to profit!
But tell me, does the light and straw-built duke
Float toward this man of amber?

GERARDO.

I shall speak
What wiser men have taught me—for the duke,

And the duke's nurse, my mother's eldest son,
Who humbly calls me brother—though a god
He in this firmament, and I at most
A priest,—have uttered for the two last hours
These and nought else. The abbey—as they say,
Needs stricter rule: disorder like a flood,
Extends and widens in our house—mark that.
The late good abbot—be the truth itself
Whispered with reverence toward his place and soul—
In age grew negligent. Hence strife, they say,
Lax laws, frail discipline, perverted funds,
Accounts uneven.—

SAVELLI.

Knew they this?

GERARDO.

Throughout;

Nay more; for when I told them of yourself—
How grave you were, and wise you were, adorned
With holiest letters—meek, I said, yet bold,
Laborious, watchful, pious, chaste, sincere,
And framed in all to grace the choice they made—
One pished, the other bade me peace, and both
Transferred my many-coloured coat to clothe
Their idol's nakedness.

SAVELLI.

Yet, who told this?

Not Ludovico?

GERARDO.

Nay, no matter who—

'Tis told, believed, set down. The owl deceased
Must have his feathers stuffed too! he shall last
Embalmed for ages like the Ægyptian bird,
Worshipped and mourned by kings. 'Twere less to see
My neighbour's house on fire, though next mine own,
Than hear him praised or pitied.

SAVELLI.

He would not die
A month ago—a month had saved us both.

GERARDO.

And this was what you call a kind good man
Who loved his brethren truly! He has lived—
With all his charity—a month too long,
And so may hang us both.

SAVELLI.

They seemed resolved?

GERARDO.

Faith we shall find it so. I might persuade
As easily the slumbering brain and ear
Of him we mourned for yesterday. Well, next
I tried this tangled skein the other way,
Spoke for myself a little, touched in haste—
As men who doubt if coals be hot or no—
Mine ancient services, the treaties wrought
What time they sent me on the state's affairs
To Modena.

SAVELLI.

This was a hazardous cast.

GERARDO.

And so it proved, but all was lost before.

SAVELLI.

What did they say?

GERARDO.

Our pleasant duke laughed loud
At such an argument—waxed blithe and merry,
Recalled my least fair practices, and sneered—
With much philosophy to cool his mirth—
At good Savelli's advocate.

SAVELLI.

The child
Has learnt his lesson in his teacher's words,
And speaks it like a man.

GERARDO.

While Andria crams
This fluttering popinjay with bran for meat,
The moral fragments which from age to age
Wisdom lets fall, mere chips and crusts pecked up,
Then dropp'd as profitless—it eats and swells
And thinks it fattens!—Andria answered next—
“Go back, Gerardo, go. If we should seek
“One who can serve us wisely, and has hands
“To gather and distribute, drop his own,
“And filch his neighbour's—to apply a bribe
“Discreetly, and demurely take one back—
“His Grace will send and find thee—but till then,
“Remember, brother, it is sometimes wise
“In some things to forget.”

SAVELLI.

This was to thee?

GERARDO.

Ay, truth—to both—it served for both or either ;
The sequel ended thus—“ Savelli first
“ Must call his equals round him, show his hoard,
“ What sums he gathers for the public chest,
“ And what and how disburses.”

SAVELLI.

So—the blight
Has gone abroad before me, and I reap
But stubble here—go on.

GERARDO.

The younger bird
Is but an innocent chick. Behold me thus—
With eyes awhile averted, diffident step
Retiring, and a long scarce audible groan
Half uttered half suppressed—“ Unmerciful man
“ Condemns his fellow, and a brother’s tongue
“ Wounds like the anointed sword ! Is it too late
“ To cast our frailties from us, and resign
“ Earth with its toys—to strip the body bare,
“ Despise its tenderness, afflict with stripes,
“ And fret the extenuate flesh with chains ! The cell
“ Shades not its habitant ; but Hate and Scorn
“ Obdurate follow ;—yea, the very lips
“ For whose applause we stained us, and whose smiles
“ First tempted to transgression”—

SAVELLI.

Light and darkness !
What didst thou hope from this ?

E

GERARDO.

To make the duke
Suspect us both—my brother and myself—
The bulkiest lies swim best.

SAVELLI.

Bear witness now
These cheeks of mine can blush !

GERARDO.

Prince Andria's too
Were red, but less through modesty than wrath.
“Thy bribes,” he cried, “for us ! that we should smile !
“I tempt thee to transgress !—Thou camest, O traitor !”—
He called me traitor to my beard, and I
Would risk my neck to make his words prove true ;
There is a settling day for him and me,
But this some better time—“Thou camest, O traitor !
“Not penitent, not smitten in soul, not grieved
“And wearied with offences, not as one
“Who loaths and would renounce his lusts—but driven
“With hatred at thine heels, and like a wolf
“Fled'st hunted to the cloister, where that head,
“Hid in a cowl, its crimes.—Savelli too—
“We know you both, Gerardo.”

SAVELLI.

Indeed they do ?
He knows us both—what did he say—us both ?

GERARDO.

Both, man, he knows us both—well what of that ?
And both of us know him.

SAVELLI.

Let him say what.

He shall be answered straight. The weak and base
See dangers round them, and their treacherous souls
Desert them in perplexity, and fail
There most where most they need them. We, Gerardo,
Will threat the threatener, rise as troubles rise,
And grow from what would lessen. It is thus
That great men prove them such. The storm blows loudly,
And we will meet it with our teeth shut hard,
Grinning defiance. In this world there stands
But thou alone beside me—a hundred foes
Hedge round, each watchful when to strike, and all
Loud for the falling carcase. There are things
Ill-hidden which revealed would tell sad tales !
Thy brother knows us both—who knows how well ?
The mightiest are against me, and my props
Fall fast—suspicion undermines the rest
Which stay me yet—ill-credit presses hard,
The public coffers in my charge abused,
And worse than empty, for the notes are there
Which tell their obligations ! Thou and I
Have borrowed largely of their wealth, and now
No crown to pay—but mark, Gerardo, still
I will be abbot ere the duke is king,
And we shall prosper.

GERARDO.

Some one comes this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

DUKE, DUCHESS, and PRINCE of ANDRIA.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We have not seen Arezzi.

DUCHESS.

He of late

Has kept too much from home.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I know his haunts,

And should be better pleased to find his choice

Were wiser in his friends.

DUCHESS.

Who? this Cimbelli?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

O he! I meant not him.

DUKE.

What is he?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

He is

A whelp too loud for mischief, yet they say

True bred—he left us babbling for a drum,

Took sides with Venice, and while heads with brains

Were burst by scores, his own ill-soldered pate—

Though ever thrust the foremost toward mischance—
Came safely back. There is another near,
For choosing whom I mainly blame myself.

DUKE.

He that was late his tutor ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I should blush

To own how much the learning of that monk,
His reverend carriage, and most eloquent speech,
Prevailed with one so wary. Pious, he seemed,
Discreet and mortified—his clear cool eye
Baffled my watchfulness.

DUKE.

You have heard more ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Not yet—I dig, but cannot reach the root,
And therefore I suspect him. Meaner reptiles
Crawl to their mischief fearfully, and leave
Snail-like their slime to trace them where they go—
This worm seems native to the fruit he gnaws,
Engendered in the blossom.

DUCHESS.

Well, but why

Thus level at the friar ? we must not hope
That Naples hides no fellow knave to this,
As wise and secret as he is.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Your Grace

Sees that my threads are fine, but will not mark

How many run one way. First, then, we have it
That plots affect the state—we know who meet,
For what, and where—we have a voice among them,
Our seat is in their closet—when we choose
We can lay hold on these.

DUKE.

Then why not, now?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Good saints! not now. Your highness does forget—
These stand for little else than sticks or stones
To break our heads. I watch the hand which throws,
And leave the pebble where it lies. We know
That Naples swarms with treasons—leagues there are
Where traitors seek a breathing place for spleen,
Banded by tens and twelves. Each makes a whole,
Has signs and countersigns, its laws and leaders,—
A dwarfish state full grown. Though pledged and sworn,
None knows its own confederates—but apart
Obeys some mightier despot, who retired
Rules by his ministers, and holds unseen
Mysterious monarchy o'er all.

DUCHESS.

And so,

Bound by their sacraments, two friends or kinsmen
Might both be disciplined in several schools,
Nor one suspect the other?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Even thus—and here
The law stands shamed and baffled—bid it on,

It can but crush a fragment of the whole,
And leave the rest more wise.

DUKE.

Well, now this monk.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Next, then, for this Savelli. He has held
His abbey's purse for years, justly, men think,
At first, more loosely after, by degrees
Wide open to his lusts. A house so large
Has eyes to spare—and some have watched the friar.
Hence whisperings, not of thriftlessness and sloth,
Idle misuse, with prodigal palm toward all,
Large and profuse yet equal—but of waste
Luxurious, selfish, secret, and extreme.
Ask him for gold long due; it is a day
Too late, or else too early—then the charge
Breeds doubts and cavils—he must find it just,
And you, the while, must wait. He makes new friends
Matched badly with his years, his studies, calling—
And those who least love us. Ill men like him
Must put their necks in jeopardy perforce
To bail their heads—as drunkards stand the best
When most unsteadily.

DUCHESS.

This sheep, Arezzi,
Hath never dreamed his shepherd may turn knave,
But follows pure of heart.

DUKE.

Then let us warn him.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

That were to warn them both. I do suspect
An elder member of our house, a branch
Which rotten as it is, is ours—a wart
Set on our honor's nose—a scurf in the blood
To crust our pride with leprosy! I fear
Gerardo, not Arezzi.

DUCHESS.

Well, at night
We shall have time to question this again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Walk near the Sea.

AREZZI, CIMBELLI, and CASTRO.

CIMBELLI.

We meet at sunset where we supped last night?

AREZZI.

I speak for one—not I.

CASTRO.

Nor I.

CIMBELLI.

How now—

This lover of the moonshine, let him go
And tune his lute—but you, a man of war!
What, was the wine too weak?

CASTRO.

Good wine, good supper,
And pleasant guests, Cimbelli.

CIMBELLI.

What would'st more?

CASTRO.

The spice alone which seasoned this good feast,
Was not so good.

CIMBELLI.

You do not like my friends?
Come speak it plainly.

CASTRO.

On my life, I do—

Them, and the things they like. There are in Rome
Who worship with the self same faith, and make
Their vows to Freedom too—but I came here
A stranger idly tired of home and ease,
No spy, no meddler—and would keep my head
To guide me back again. Now those we speak of
Set light by theirs—they talk about the state,
I will not say unwisely, but too freely.

AREZZI.

Both—sir—and you may add to both, untruly.

CIMBELLI.

Bah! you mistake them, Castro: they speak out
Like true and honest men. Cat's soup! too freely!
Why so? how speak these freedom-loving Romans?

CASTRO.

With strangers—not at all.

CIMBELLI.

What strangers? who?

Yourself and this Arezzi here? for one,
I told them what he is—a staunch staid man,
Honest, at least, and whether right or wrong,
No turn-about—who hates all sorts of changing,
Even to his shirt—whose reverend visage seems
Fashioned three thousand years, or more, ago—
The shell of some philosopher's stray soul
Gone to fill out a bear.

CASTRO.

This stands for me!

CIMBELLI.

Right, by Diana's brother—he it was
Who bade us know ourselves. The other too—
Ye amorous gales breathe softly where he strays,
And draw your odours from his sighs! Ye flowers
Yield to the purple languor of his cheeks
Suffused with tears! what can be known of him,
Creature so fine, impalpable as he—
A lunar rainbow's watergall in April—
They knew before.

AREZZI.

What did they know, Cimbelli?

CIMBELLI.

Why, that the duke—Heaven shield him! takes your love,
The prince your money—Cupid has your brains,
And I your company.

CASTRO.

Count, if this be true,

Cimbelli's benediction on your friends,
May pass without Amen.

CIMBELLI.

'Tis done in mercy !

The grosser cares of wedlock, wealth, and eating,
So are removed. He lives a spiritual count,
Touched by no earthly sympathies—above
The thoughts of meat and drink, or coat and waistcoat.
What rich man married ever wrote a sonnet ?

CASTRO.

Why true.

CIMBELLI.

And yet he murmurs ! they who tell
His tale hereafter, will begin with words
To caution the ungrateful. It would make
Rare ballad-warning for rebellious youth,
Set to a sorrowful tune, well vouched at top
With rueful visage from some wood-wrought print,
And superscribed *Arezzi*.

CASTRO.

May I hear it ?

AREZZI.

I care not—as you please—but take this with it—
Our earliest politicians hint abroad
That Punch grows old and sick—Naples, they fear,
May lose its oracle : now we would gain
The office by reversion for your friend :
He has some fruitful qualities, and lacks
Scarce one, but wit—well practise—sir—begin.

CIMBELLI.

Sit down then—shall I sing?—"Lo! this is he
"Whose parents dear are dolphins in the sea.
"They loved and they married, but the maid
"Had kinsmen hard of heart, and so she fled.
"They went far off by night—new names they got,
"No matter whence, and now, no matter what.
"At Pisa did they rest awhile, and there
"This babe was born—"

AREZZI.

His feet have slipt the stirrups—

What else?

CASTRO.

This spoils his rhyme.

AREZZI.

No matter now:

Better go on without—yet Heaven can tell
If I have ever thought my fate a jest,
Though I might scorn to weep at it.

CASTRO.

There is
With some mens' bitterness, a spirit like mirth,
And such, it seems, has yours. But I presume
A self-invited guest, and ill-advised
Have thrust me rashly on a stranger's patience:
Yet more in ignorance than want of shame,
And less through will, than chance.

AREZZI.

It is a tale

Which strangers know this, sir, offends and grieves me,
That still we should be such. Well—now the poet—
Come, mount again, and forward.

CIMBELLI.

Tell the rest
Thyself!—the muse disdains thee for her theme,
And so thy name shall perish.

AREZZI.

Peace, then, parrot.

CASTRO.

Pray let him end this sing-song as he can.

AREZZI.

He could but tell you that it is my chance
To be an orphan twice. For those two lost,
Two more were found as kind—yet love in error
Is sometimes worse than hate. They should have matched
My thoughts and fortunes—but they laughed or winked at
What must be mourned for now—those dangerous fires
Easiest enkindled in the spirit of youth,
Whose oils and odours feed them half life through—
Or quenched at first, or never—pride, ambition,
With lonely thoughts, and wishes not impure,
But wild—

CIMBELLI.

Love, and Love's dæmon, Jealousy!

AREZZI.

These they held lightly then—and then at once
Turned round, saw nothing right, reprov'd that pride,
Put chains on that ambition, made home sad,

Checked late-allowed expense, gave gold by bits,
And cast the shadow of their frowns between
The heart and its affections.

CIMBELLI.

This means courtship—

A timorous sort of paraphrase ! and so
Sir Mouse must hide him while sir Monkey woos—
Yield to his betters there ! The duke in love
May bid the count stand back—nay—not too far,
Not out of calling, neither. They will want
A brideman for the groom.

“ What shall I do—give counsel, love, and say

“ What I shall do ! is it not time to die ?

“ Long have I tarried here, I know not why—

“ And still deferr'd the thing from day to day—

“ Lived on, if this be living.”

AREZZI.

I may not take

My sword and find a home elsewhere.

CIMBELLI.

Well, well—

Good night, go both to bed—he is untrue
Who says that tyrannous deeds are done by tyrants—
And so no supper !

CASTRO.

Stay man—for myself,

I care not where I go.

AREZZI.

Nor I, Cimbelli,

Lead to the moon, I follow.

CIMBELLI.

To the moon?

By old Astolfo's hippogriff and horn,
And your lost wits, I yield the guidance there—
You know the road the best. Arezzi's greatness,
His villas, servants, treasures, tenants, farms,
Wine, household stuff, books, statues, pictures, horses,
And wardrobe, save a silken suit of black,
His wife herself, and five of his own senses,
Are all up there.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Monastery at night.

SAVELLI *and* GERARDO.

GERARDO.

Thou wilt be abbot, ere the duke is king ?
Good news—but how ?

SAVELLI.

The words stick hard, Gerardo—
By that which answers for us both, man—*power*.

GERARDO.

We talk in riddles.

SAVELLI.

First, expound me this ;
“ He called me traitor to my beard, and I
“ Would risk my neck to make his words prove true.”

GERARDO.

’Twas mine of Andria.

SAVELLI.

Let us both repent ;
Each has been loud in folly.

GERARDO.

What I said

I hold by still—thou dost distrust me, brother.

SAVELLI.

I do.

GERARDO.

Indeed! it is unjustly then.

SAVELLI.

But wisely nevertheless. I have my scruples,
Or else—

GERARDO.

Else what?

SAVELLI.

I could suggest a thing
Fit for vexed hearts like ours, great as our need,
Bold as our wishes, easier than our fears,
Less dangerous than our present state.

GERARDO.

What is it?

Tell me what sort of thing?

SAVELLI.

Why, such an one
As twice has given the world to those who did it,
And ten times, crown and thrones. The wisest risk
All lesser things for this—to us, Gerardo,
Success were empire—if we failed, defeat
Could only leave us where we are.

GERARDO.

Come, come,

Dost think I would betray thee?

SAVELLI.

Indeed I fear it.

GERARDO.

No, by my faith, believe me.

SAVELLI.

I pray thee, give

A mortgage on thy land as well, transfer
Thy rents and lordships. Twenty years ago
That faith was lost at Milan, pledged again
In Venice, Florence, Modena—and since
Full twenty times a year, with twenty oaths,
To twenty men at least.

GERARDO.

And twenty women—

But what is that to thee?

SAVELLI.

Why, marry—'tis much.

I do not like the bond—hast nothing else?

GERARDO.

Our friendship, then, Savelli.

SAVELLI.

Thou would'st sell it

Some Friday morn in Lent to buy an egg—

I will be better conjured yet.

GERARDO.

Well, hear—

By all my services.

SAVELLI.

They must be, then,

The services to come. This charm is stronger,
And shall prevail.

GERARDO.

Be honest with me, brother.

SAVELLI.

Give me thine hand—so now I would not change thee
For Maia's child by Jupiter, or take—
Winged as he is—their servant from the gods.
Ye both are covetous though poor, expert
In fraud and falsehood; patrons both to knaves;
Furnished with twofold faces, fair in the light,
In darkness terrible—and your office is
To guide stray souls below.

GERARDO.

I wish it were,
So thy turn came the next. My mind is changed,
I will not hear thy secret—may it choke thee!

SAVELLI.

Why, you have owned all this.

GERARDO.

Then let it rest,
What need to speak it twice?

SAVELLI.

To try the baby!
Art fit to travail midst the clouds with me,
And slant their lightnings at the heads of kings?
Thou petulant splenetic ape! a lighted reed
Can make the caldron of thy bile run o'er,
Ever brimfull and boiling! thou that hast gained

The wisdom to discern men's thoughts, a tongue
Skilled to persuade and charm, a heart withal
Untrammell'd by remorse—why these, all these
Are worse than barren, for they yield thee still
Disgrace and poverty.

GERARDO.

Well, let it be so—

What thou hast more say on.

SAVELLI.

The spirit which leads thee
Provokes disaster—thou dost ever look
Beside, or else beyond thine aim, and thus
No arrow strikes.

GERARDO.

I was a god till now,
Your Joveship's Mercury.

SAVELLI.

Thou hast still, Gerardo,
Wings plumed to reach the skies, a power within
Which should uplift its owner from the crowd,
And place him on his pedestal so high
That all might see and worship. What I fear
Is less than treachery, though as bad—by fraud
Thou canst not harm me, or I would not trust thee.

GERARDO.

Either may hang the other.

SAVELLI.

Art sure of that?
Then study to be first. We have been friends,

The night has heard and hidden what day would blush at ;
Strong wine has exorcised the ghost of fear—
Yet, in our mirth, there was a hand above thee,
Naples herself is slumbering in its shade.

GERARDO.

If I might ever fear—it should be thee,
I know, but do not yet.

SAVELLI.

Look—he who knows me,
Lives while he serves me—let his heart rebel,—
And arm or hide him as he may, my wrath
Shall pluck it out.

GERARDO.

Thou canst do this ?

SAVELLI.

Why, thus

Valerio doubted if I could—he held
The place which thou dost now.

GERARDO.

Valerio ! mercy !

Thou didst not murder him ?

SAVELLI.

He did betray me.

GERARDO.

By all those stars, I never dreamed of this !
He seemed a son, a servant.

SAVELLI.

He forgot

That sons and servants should obey—so now

Awake and gaze. We both have ventured forth,
And o'er this perilous sea, whose breezes swell
To storms at last, nor ever change toward shore,
Our boat has drifted easily along—
But in so small a crew, one should have brains.
Thou, while the feast seems good, dost eat and drink
Despite the reckoning—I have cares for that :
Thou, while the abbey's purse shrank daily less,
Didst trust what I did not.

GERARDO.

Brother, it was
The common trust of both to raise and place thee
Where none dare mark its emptiness.

SAVELLI.

It was
My *hope*, my *trust* was better placed elsewhere.

GERARDO.

In what?

SAVELLI.

Dominion, wider than these walls,
Power, taken as the right of all who gain it,
The crowning gift of Nature where she loves.
I must not govern in a house like this,
So now to leave the crosier for a sword,
And climb up higher ! This plethorick city groans
With lust and vanity : we have around us
The vintage of long peace o'er ripe—contempt
And splenetic restlessness, a critical tongue,
Hatred toward Spain, ambition ill-employed,

Unhonored wealth, and luxury unfed—
Large debts, much pride, licentious wants, and wishes
Which will find means. Here many, like ourselves,
Can stay no longer what they are, and some,
Though well, must change. There are of every sort—
Zealots, who build the churches' roof to Heaven,
Saints, who would lower and cleanse it—Atheists too
Who can endure no master in the skies,
Yet worship one unseen, and will obey
They know not whom—myself. I class apart
The proud, the base, the idle—not one man
Can see beyond his tribe; and, out of all,
Thou only knowest who rules them.

GERARDO.

Take my soul
With all its services! A place like this
Is level with my hopes.

SAVELLI.

We have enough
To strike the unguarded down, but after that,
Shall want a better face to meet the sun.
Some brave there are, some noble—none renowned—
The people love old names; to those who change
Opinion strengthens force. The Count Arezzi
Is loved, and might do much.

GERARDO.

The Count Arezzi!
My brother's ward!

SAVELLI.

Even such—but then he was

Savelli's pupil—he hath studied that
Which mars this guardianship. His friend Cimbelli
Is with us body and soul; we two must strive
To catch the Count. Now let us part—good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the Palace.

PRINCE of ANDRIA and AREZZI.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I cannot ask it of the duke, Arezzi.

AREZZI.

Your highness judges best.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I have good reasons.

AREZZI.

No doubt you have.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

No doubt!—then why require it?

AREZZI.

I knew not that you had till now.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

But still

You scarce believe me.

AREZZI.

I will press my suit

No farther on your highness—what I asked
Was not to serve myself.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Savelli sent you ?

AREZZI.

I would not injure where I cannot help :
This is not much to crave. I pray your highness
Forget that it was I who named the friar,
And then his suit may prosper.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

How, Arezzi ?

Why so, why so ?

AREZZI.

My task is irksome to me.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

What task ?

AREZZI.

To seek a kindness here. I lose
All credit, and with all. Who sent me to you
And saw how tardily I came, have blamed
My coldness toward my friends—your highness blames me
Because I sued too warmly—I blame myself
That I could sue at all.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Come back, Arezzi—

What dreams are these ? I tell thee twice I cannot,
And more, I will not ask it.

AREZZI.

Nay, my lord,

I learnt so much at first.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

So much? how now?

AREZZI.

I give offence; your highness will excuse me—

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Come back, I say—beware of this Savelli—

Mark what you hear, young man.

AREZZI.

Savelli once

Was valued by your highness, you have praised
His learning loudly—for myself, I gained
The little that I have through him—in all
I lack, I blame myself.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I know not which,

But one forgot his business, he to teach—

Or you to learn—obedience.

AREZZI.

Both perhaps,

Thought that the task were needless, since your Grace
Taught it so oft yourself.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Well, Heaven be praised!

Old men may yet find leisure to grow wise!
Our children will instruct us. Bacchus' smooth lip
Shall chide Olympus with its bearded gods,
Scatter blessed wisdom in the ears of Jove,
And school the bald Silenus!—Babes can tell
How best to rule the state, what each man merits,
Whose heads should wear our mitres, who should share

Our abbeys, fill our offices, and help
To guide us in our counsels!

[*Enter the DUKE and DUCHESS.*

DUKE.

Chiding, cousin?

I thought to chide myself. Arezzi here,
The last to bid us welcome!

AREZZI.

But your Grace

Sees that I come too early as it is.

DUKE.

I hope not so—we will make peace between you.
What was it that his highness said?

AREZZI.

He said

That fools intrude, and children meddle rashly;
That babes would rule the state, and nurslings, men;
That scalps with hair, and chins without—like ours—
Wag at grey beards and baldness. Then the prince
Compared himself to Jove, and us to Bacchus.—
Your Grace's subjects, when your Grace is king,
Must pray that Jove will grant your Grace a beard,
And govern till it come—I say, Amen. [*Exit.*

DUKE.

What children meddle? Andria call him back.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Come back, Arezzi.

DUCHESS.

Better let him go.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Your Grace shall hear—O, this would sweat a flint—
A saint in marble!—Blockhead! he came here
To plead for that Savelli—I refused,
Said that I would not name it to your Grace—

DUCHESS.

Well, well, we will forget him now, it seems
Your arrow pierced the bush, and grazed them both,
But least the bird you aimed at. Tell us next
What more of this Savelli?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Plagues go with him!

I lay the whole to him. I do believe
That he perverts this coxcomb. He has shown
His teeth before the time—he will not hurt us!
Eyes, nearer than he dreams of, watch the friar,
And let me once lay hold, that plausible tongue
May fail to beg its head. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Street.

THREE CITIZENS.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Stand near me then, I will be first to speak,
And you must further what I say—it is

Too perilous for a single tongue, though true,
But safe divided.

SECOND CITIZEN.

We must beg our own,
And that with fear.

FIRST CITIZEN.

These friars are not like us ;
They are the boldest when alone, together
They may be shamed or scared.

THIRD CITIZEN.

It were a sin
To do as many do, when one man hurts them,
Strike all his fellows for his fault—I know
Much good among these monks.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Come, take your places,
The crowd draws near.

SECOND CITIZEN.

As there is truth in Heaven,
The abbey owes me for its last year's bread—
I have not seen one crown.

THIRD CITIZEN.

My patience lived
As long again as yours.

SECOND CITIZEN.

This treasurer sings—
But not so sweetly—like his abbey's chimes,
Seven different tunes a week : if words were silver,
He would have paid me threefold.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Thou dost get
A word as something then : he will not pay
Even that to me, but flatly braves my threatenings,
Forgets his signature, abjures the debt,
And drives me out.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Some think he will be abbot.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Nay, God forbid !

THIRD CITIZEN.

The one they mourn to-day
Was meek and gracious, he has heard me speak,
But said he could not help me.

SECOND CITIZEN.

He was old ;
The treasurer grew too strong for years and meekness,
And ruled a better man.

THIRD CITIZEN.

In what we do,
This single scruple chafes me—it may seem
Irreverent toward the good man's worth, that so
We meet his bones.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Neighbour, no more, I pray thee—
We do what has been done before to-day—
Look ! here he comes.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Be ready at my side—

He marches with the first; come on, and face him.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Wait till their chaunt is ended—peace, sirs, hush!

We must not speak till then.

*A Funeral Procession—the Dominican Monks enter
two and two, bearing torches and singing.*

SAVELLI, GERARDO, LUDOVICO, and OTHERS.

Hymn.

Ye mighty leave the painted dome,
Ye poor and meek that houseless roam—
Come, tread the path which leads you home,
And none can shun or miss:
Strength, wisdom, reverence, wealth, and bliss,
Ambition's honors, Beauty's kiss,
Whatever *is* must come to this,
Whatever *was* is come.

Though breath is vapour, flesh is dust,
They never die who love and trust—
Life only slumbers with the just
To wake and rise again:
Mourn ye the sinful and the vain,
The wandering heart, and toil-sick brain—
Who sleeps in faith is hushed from pain—
But wake and rise he must.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Heaven grant its mercy to the dead—the living
Ask of its servants justice.

SAVELLI.

What are these?
Stand back there drunkards—let the bier pass on—
Who clears our way?

FIRST CITIZEN.

You know us, what we are—

THIRD CITIZEN.

And that we are not drunk.

SECOND CITIZEN.

You have not left us
Enough for gluttony.

LUDOVICO.

Be patient, brethren ;
We do beseech your peace for love of him
Whose soul requires our prayers.

SECOND CITIZEN.

You should remember
How long we have been patient.

LUDOVICO.

What I ask
Is less than charity.

SAVELLI.

Brother ask nothing—
The church shall take her own.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Sirs—we have stood

With daily beggars at the abbey gate,
To crave, not alms, but dues—the treasurer knows it.

SAVELLI.

What sort of dues they were, I know—how patched
And lined with fraud. There are, beside mine own,
Lips which shall witness this.

FIRST CITIZEN.

They must be false ones.

GERARDO.

Take heed ! take heed ! It is a sin to use
The weight and balance of deceit, and earn
Our bread by perjuries—but worse it is
To lie against a holier brother's truth,
And wrong the just. I testify these frauds,
Who helped to search them.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Thou ?

GERARDO.

Ay, I—and who

Is he that questions me ?

THIRD CITIZEN.

Beware this man—

He is the prince's brother.—

SAVELLI.

They do it to bring
A scandal on the church and us.

GERARDO.

Good people
If any honor God, and love mens' souls,

G

Or mourn the just deceased—drive out these scorners,
Smite them, but shed no blood; be patient with them.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Hear me one word.—

SAVELLI.

Stand back, I say—will none
Remove them hence?—now bring the corpse along.

[Exeunt with the procession.]

CROWD.

Shame! shame! lay hold upon these knaves.

FIRST CITIZEN.

But first

Hear what we have to speak.

CROWD.

It is a sin!

Most impious sacrilege!

THIRD CITIZEN.

Grant me one word.

SOME OF THE CROWD.

Neighbours, stand still awhile—these men are honest,
And known to many here.

CROWD.

Be quiet and hear them!

OTHERS.

We know all three.

FIRST CITIZEN.

We shall desire but this,
That you will choose the gravest from yourselves—
Some six or seven of whom you will, to spend

An hour at home with us, where we will prove
More than we yet have spoken, or else confess
Our malice is of Hell.

CROWD.

It is well said!

Come on, then,—we will find good men—away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Chamber in the Palace.

*The DUKE, DON GABRIEL LUCERNA, and DON
FLOREZ ZAVA.*

DUKE.

You never loved him much.

DON GABRIEL.

Nor had much cause:

He never loved your Grace.

DUKE.

I think he did:

At least he seemed to do so.

DON GABRIEL.

Ay—he seemed—

Were all men what they seem!—

DUKE.

Arezzi is—

We must speak justly, Gabriel.—

DON GABRIEL.

Heaven forbid

That I should question what he is. I speak
More from my blood than brain—it is my nature.
I cannot do as some much wiser men,
Who wink on both sides slily; shake by the hand
Their patron's slanderer; listen with meek smiles
To all, and neutral 'twixt the wronged and wronger—
Wish that they could be friends—I cannot do it,
And what is worse, I cannot strive to do it.
My soul is with my service—Where your Grace
Loves, I love too—and where you hate, I hate.

DUKE.

Well—well—then love, Arezzi—learn to hate
When I know how to teach you. By my hopes
Now and to come, I would not harm the count—
No, not in thought, for worlds!

DON FLOREZ.

He wrongs your highness
In more than thought—in deed.

DON GABRIEL.

He thinks it safer
To pluck the beard of Jove, than touch one hair
Worn by Jove's priests. Your highness has a sword
Too sacred for the use of private strife—
And this he knows.

DON FLOREZ.

Hush! hush!—we must not say so,

DON GABRIEL.

Pasquin usurps the privilege to speak,
And he may mock the pope.—A boy! a meddler!

A child too young for love!—and he, forsooth,
Just old enough!—Don Florez, for ourselves,
We too will learn the thrift of such a trade,
And purchase love with scorn.

DON FLOREZ.

The price for honor

Once, was obedience.

DON GABRIEL.

Blockheads as we are,

We pay it still.

DUKE.

And so shall he, and all.

What profit has he made him yet from scorn?

How does it grace him, Gabriel?—come—no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

DUCHESS, PRINCE of ANDRIA and CIMBELLI.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Where does he pass his hours?

DUCHESS.

And how, Cimbelli?

CIMBELLI.

Why many in the sunshine on the shore,

Where walls once stood, and weeds and briars abound—

Wherever there is room to sit and sigh in ;

Where ivy roots itself on banks and stones ;
Where he can watch the lizards.—For the how—
In plucking up those weeds, and from those stones,
In stripping off that ivy. He will mark
Some beetle's wanderings till the sun goes down,
From noon ; has skill in reptiles—knows throughout
The courtships of a cockchafer.

DUCHESS.

And you

Are fellow to his studies ?

CIMBELLI.

Yes, sometimes.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Then tell us what you learn.

CIMBELLI.

That young men's eyes,
Like old ones' spectacles of green or yellow,
Give color to the things they see, but take
Their virtues from their fancies.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Well.

CIMBELLI.

The Count

Doubts if the swarms of earth be blessed or no,
And moralizes mournfully on moths.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

And you ?

CIMBELLI.

I love their Iris-tinted wings

And giddy circles; other tribes I see
Warlike and full of pride, from head to heel
Bright in their burnished panoply—and think
That all God's creatures should be blessed. Arezzi
Sits like a sea-bird on some rock retired,
Eyeing the waters—Fancy helps his sight
To sound their depths and reach all sorrowful things.—
There rots the gilded argosy, and near,
Scattered with weeds and shells, some mariner's bones,
For ever fretted with the restless tide.
He sees the ring priest-blessed, or young Love's token
Unhappy and unhallowed, like his own.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

And prithee what see you?

CIMBELLI.

My thoughts the while
Sport gaily in their amorous musings, pleased
To pave the coral grots with pearls, and light
Their jasper roofs with naphtha. From below
Some green-eyed mermaid sees me—when I smile,
She smiles, and combs the tresses from her brow:
Timorous and coy, yet captive to my prayers.
I make me friends of tritons: I can find—
Wrecked in the sands full three score years ago—
Huge butts of delicate wine. The dolphins tell
The marvels of the ocean—while they sing,
I teach my merry orks to drink—your Grace
Believes that there be mermaids?

DUCHESS.

Well, what then?

CIMBELLI.

Why then the rest is easier to believe.

DUCHESS.

And thus his hours run wastefully !

CIMBELLI.

Even thus—

Nay, sometimes worse.

DUCHESS.

How worse ? I hope not worse ?

CIMBELLI.

Believe me, so.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Speak plainly.

CIMBELLI.

He will sit

Fixed like some pondering river god in stone,
All but the beard—Narcissus sick at heart,
Or garden Pan regardless. I can tell
The hours, as on a dial, by his shade,
His nose the gnomon.—This is worse—to wait
Undined the while he muses.

DUCHESS.

You should speak

Good counsel to his too much thought.

CIMBELLI.

I do.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

What is it then ?

CIMBELLI.

I tell him he has lost

The princess and her love, the duke's love too,—
Whose stray loves meet, and live in love together—
The favor of her highness; that your Grace
Is little satisfied withal; that soon—
As sequent to the fashion of these losses—
He must lose me.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

So, comfort comes at last!

And now what more?

CIMBELLI.

That moneyless means witless,

And parting kindness leaves its room to hate.
That better had it been to live a beggar,
Borrowing his blushes while he lies for bread,
Than born in nobleness, feel pride a hindrance,
And blush indeed to beg. He must have hidden
Some sin from all beside—some pestilent sin
Which cleaves unto him still; for never yet
Did one so young and lovely lose such friends,
Unless his youth were blistered by disgrace,
Remorse or baseness tainted it, his lips
Were perjured at the altar—he had earned
The name of coward—traitor!

DUCHESS.

Traitor! villain?

Away thou ill-tongued idiot.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Get thee forth.

CIMBELLI.

I pray your highness hear—

DUCHESS.

Arezzi's friend !

His name was never whispered with distaste,
Till paired with thine—Cimbelli !

CIMBELLI.

Yet, your Grace—

DUCHESS.

Thou vapour from some sewer ! what, perjured too !
A coward perjured ! That vile scalp were honor'd
To keep the pavement chillness from his feet.—
Who waits without ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Go, babble somewhere else.

[*Exit* CIMBELLI.]

Come, patience, hush !

DUCHESS.

Andria, I have been patient,
But will not listen to a slave like this.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

You did not understand him,—fool, or no,
His trap has caught your Grace.

DUCHESS.

And, liar or no,
Part that he said was truth—we wrong Arezzi,
And teach the rest to wrong him,

PRINCE ANDRIA.

O, God forbid !

DUCHESS.

What others think, this speaks. Who love us best
Are last to judge ; we change us by the moon ;

Shut goodness out ; make taverns of our hearts,
Where innocence tarries but a night, and leaves
Its room for some worse guest. What has he done,
That all should thus forsake him ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

But who forsakes him ?

Is it not he that flies ?

DUCHESS.

And why ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Because

We wisely hold our tongues :

DUCHESS.

Alas ! this wisdom !

Our loathed old policy ! while his caged spirit
Flutters tormented with its pains and fears,
We scowl the remnant of its hopes away,
And rob it of the light we gave.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

But hear me—

What have we else to do ?

DUCHESS.

Speak out—and boldly

Claim our poor child as ours.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Well, let it be so.

My policy was not for me, but both.

We will not wait our answer, then, from Spain,
But bravely spurn the policy you hate,

And show our rings at once. Content—I care not !
So now—what are we ? first Arezzi’s parents,
Cicilia’s kindred, guardians of the duke,
The king’s true counsellors—yea, we do wisely
To bawl our history first in beggars’ ears,
Make the Toledo ring with it ; fill full
The squares, the quays, the markets, and the mole,—
Naples through all its taverns, cloisters, stalls,
From caverned wine vat, to the chimnies’ top—
With wonder at this rarity—and next
Whisper our secret to the king ; good now—
This is indeed to strain at policy !
While patience for a week may smooth the whole,
And set us right with all.

DUCHESS.

Do as you will.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Nay, by the holy saints ! it is my will
To wrestle with my wisdom—what we do
Is your will, and so mine.

DUCHESS.

Thus it is ever—

I have my will, it seems, and you your way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Public Walk.

AREZZI and SAVELLI.

SAVELLI.

Well well—and so it is—we must forgive—
But when? how speaks that law you cite me?
In wisdom truly! all its ends are such:
Beware lest ignorance read the text amiss!—
To see the injurious on their knees, and then
Remit the injury—this were to make
The weeds which nature scatters in mens' hearts,
A growth for Heaven! Our passions thus seem holy,
Their human crudities purged off, and love
Infused instead—but look, young man, the end
Must still be mercy.

AREZZI.

We reclaim our own
From force by force.

SAVELLI.

You might have said—from wrong
By stronger right. Spain hath oppressed us, robb'd us,
And would devour us if she could.

AREZZI.

The prince

Has guarded what I prize not much, but still
Must owe to him.

SAVELLI.

Your life? then give him back
What he does value much, his own—and thus
Pay all, with usury. But good, my son,
You must be master of it first. Who now?

AREZZI.

It is the monk his brother.

SAVELLI.

Who? Gerardo?
Hush! then—be wary—never trust that man.

[Enter GERARDO.

GERARDO.

Good thoughts to both.

SAVELLI.

With such a sparkling face
There should be such a welcome—tell us next,
What news, and whence? All men must smile who hear
them.

GERARDO.

'Twere treason to look grave: my kinsman here
Will find them old.

AREZZI.

If good—believe me—no.

GERARDO.

Yourselves must judge of that—they came last night
Whence goodness ever comes, from Spain. The king
Resigns us to his son.—Content to keep

But half of this poor world, he yields two thrones—
Two of its oldest, to the duke, who reigns
An infant Jove. He will be married first,
Then crowned forthwith.

SAVELLI.

Married! to whom?

GERARDO.

His cousin.

Nay this, at least, is old enough. Men wished
An empress like Cicilia.

SAVELLI.

Here, at length

His fortune is summ'd up—on this side Heaven
There is no more to grant him.

GERARDO.

Let me confess—

Now that remembrance is the last sin left me—
Could youth with secular thoughts return—and one,
The princess, or the crown, with choice of which,
Be given myself, I should think either much,
But take the first. She looks a queen already;
I saw her at the window by his side,
Blush like Athena ere she stripp'd to Paris;
And mingle in her glance of love, the awe
Which chastens majesty—her cheeks appeared
Offended at her eyes.

SAVELLI.

Arezzi!

GERARDO.

Count!

See how he reels! lay hold—how white he is!
Art sick, man, speak? Savelli! mercy on us!
Thus early drunk? fie! fie!

SAVELLI.

It is the weather.

Brother let loose.

GERARDO.

He freshens now—Heaven bless us!
Prithee stand up—hast legs, good cousin, or no?

SAVELLI.

Arezzi! speak.

GERARDO.

Where did he dine to day?

AREZZI.

Pray—pray—stand back.

GERARDO.

Thou shalt sleep off this surfeit;

A little rest in bed.

SAVELLI.

Come—lean on us.

AREZZI.

What did Gerardo say?

SAVELLI.

Peace, son, no matter—

We both will see thee hence.

AREZZI.

The day is hot,

But now I am myself again—good father—
When will the duke be crowned?

GERARDO.

I know not when—
He will be married first, they say.

SAVELLI.

Well, well,
Some better time for that.

GERARDO.

The prince my brother
Will sadden when he hears of this—to-day
He seemed himself the bridegroom, such a coupling
Is master policy! Hast ever felt
These qualms before?

AREZZI.

Sometimes—but now, adieu!

SAVELLI.

We must not leave you here.

GERARDO.

Come, walk with us.
In faith, you startled me.

AREZZI.

I want no help—
Savelli, we will meet to-morrow at noon.

GERARDO.

What! wouldst be left alone? we will not leave thee,
Sweet charity! to swoon again—perhaps die!
Take one, or both.

AREZZI.

Pray get thee hence, once more.

H

GERARDO.

It is not safe, nor will we go.

AREZZI.

Away—

This drives me mad.

GERARDO.

The greater need, good cousin,
Of care in us.

AREZZI.

Stand off, thou meddling knave—
Get back to Modena—the gallows there
Is nearer kin than I.

SAVELLI.

Let loose, Gerardo. [*Exit AREZZI.*]

GERARDO.

With all my heart! Master was this done well?
Ah! ah! sir Bounce—Orlando in his teens!
Behold the potency of two dark eyes!
How speedily the carp grew sick! a hair
Will draw your lover on his back to land—
The hook is in his gills; and if we lose him,
He yet may rise again. Come, thank me, praise me;
Have I done well, or no?

SAVELLI.

Bravely—but yet
Too much beyond your book. Where didst pick up
Those news from Spain?

GERARDO.

I found them by the way

As truths, and took them to adorn our fable.

SAVELLI.

Indeed! art sure?

GERARDO.

We have a ship from Spain,
And such a rumour with it.

SAVELLI.

Thou mightier Æsop!

He made his fables to adorn some truth;
If thou art ever honest, it must be
To grace or hide some lie. Now, I will call thee
My son and heir.

GERARDO.

There is another heirship
The which I covet more—if we shall thrive,
Promise me that beside.

SAVELLI.

What is it? I will.

GERARDO.

First, chide me not for asking thee, but think
If what I say be so. Of living things
All have their several wants and properties,
As great presiding nature grants to each—
So lambs are meek, dogs watchful, leopards fierce;
The vulture hath his taste, though not a pure one;
The wasp or asp is guiltless while it stings,
And, if we slay, we blame it not. In men
There are your lambs and leopards, asps and owls—
Now that which follows instinct seconds nature;

So he who strives with nature, is unnatural—
And such, we know, is sin. Apply we this.
My instinct moves me to abhor what hurts me;
And there is one, who, five and forty years,
Casting his shade upon my growth, has kept
Both grace and fortune off.

SAVELLI.

The prince of Andria?
These moral reasonings ever point one way!

GERARDO.

Andria must go to bliss, and quickly too.
You shall hear reasons why he must—It is
Nor you, nor I,—but wisdom, justice, safety,
The public weal—which sends him there. His breath
Would blow our new-built house about our ears—
So we must stop it.

SAVELLI.

Those who love him not,
Yet think his instinct is averse from thine,
And looks toward truth.

GERARDO.

The better fit to die!
An upright man withal! full of good deeds,
Blessed in his many charities; and thus
He ever has been. I stand next as heir,
But that he loves me not, and this sick cousin—
Who talked of Modena, and named the gallows—
Pushes himself between. That which I covet
Is plainly mine by right. The jealous Count

Must either take my substance, or depart
And leave me his—now judge between us fairly.

SAVELLI.

Wouldst send him too, Gerardo?

GERARDO.

He called me knave,
Prince Andria called me traitor—I would strive
To render back such courtesies as these.
Who taught the boy Arezzi what I was?
Prince Andria taught him. And that younger child,
Whence did he learn to gird me thus, last night?
From Andria too—my loving brother Andria—
That leaped some months before me to the sun,
Became my gracious prince, mine elder brother;
Set me at buffets with the world, and when
I played not quite so fairly, first cried shame!—
Thwarted my hopes, drove me from court and office,
And made me what I am. He reared this babe
To vex and rob me; and my father's land
Must feed an alien.

SAVELLI.

We will think on this.

GERARDO.

As prince, I may be useful to the state.

SAVELLI.

But, then, thy vows!

GERARDO.

The church can bind and loose—
She will be easy toward a son like me.

SAVELLI.

Well, we will talk again some better time.
The men you told me of, must sup with us—
Now, prithee, good Gerardo—haste and bring them.

[Exit GERARDO.]

SAVELLI (*alone.*)

The good Gerardo! foh! what part have I
With such a fiend as this? the enchanter fears
His own familiar spirit. I cannot need
A devil like him—so merciless as he is—
Accursed and eminent above the damned,
And black beyond my purpose!—What I want
Is rank enough no doubt—false witness, fraud,
Perverted honor, snares for youth, abuse
Of trust and innocence, and when pressed as now,
It may be more and worse. This sin incarnate
Loaths fellowship in such a kind, and walks
The earth for blood! He would dig deep his pits
For one who fed him, clothed him, housed him, warmed
him;

And while the murderer's knife is sharp and bare—
Point toward his brother's throat! He was not thus—
O! not like this at first—nor what I am
Was I—but churchmens' pleasures must be hid:
To hide costs much;—hence rapine and abuse
Of trust and truth—hence lies, hypocrisy,
A perjured tongue; and as the danger spreads,
The waste spreads daily. He is at his ease,
Does as his nature teaches, and what use

Makes pleasant to him—but for me, the while,
I do believe the things which he does not—
That life must cast its reckoning ere it end,
Or pay it tenfold afterwards.—Why should that strength
Which might have gained me as its right by nature,
Wealth, pleasure, reverence, glory, eminent place;
Nay more, a crown to come—be tasked as now
In twisting cables with the winds and flames,
And weaving webs with dust ! This Ludovico
Is loved of men, shall fill the seat I covet;
And though his gifts from Heaven are small to mine,
His learning less—with that calm pace he passes
Where I, with all my jostling and my haste,
Can scarcely hope to come. For good or ill,
Who ploughs in hope, must watch and labor still;
Fix on the furrow's end both eyes and mind,
And never pause to rest or look behind. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Public Walk.

AREZZI and CIMBELLI.

CIMBELLI.

I blame you not—we are what nature makes us.
The costliest of her vessels prove so fine
They burst in seasoning: more she forms of clay;
Mere dirt, and these last long. In men like you,

The print which Fancy leaves to mark her chosen
Shines, from the surface, through : thus love—to most
No more than flushes in the dawn of youth,
A sort of rosy-color'd brief crepuscule,
Which fades before the sun is up—to you
Becomes the daylight of the soul, and lasts
Till life itself goes out.—Even I, Cimbelli,
Could fast, and watch, and weep, and fight, and die,
For one fair woman, if there were no more—
But while the earth feeds two, and both are single,
Neither shall grieve me long.

AREZZI.

You never loved,
Yet own Love's power—wiser in this than most—
You do not reason with the crazed.

CIMBELLI.

I might ;
But some men seem predestinated fools,
With sense enough to know they are. I had
A brother of this kind, in whom harsh Nature
Forced all reluctant qualities to meet.
Haughty he was, yet tender—just, though froward,
Most pitiful, most stern—a giant in wrath,
A child in love and mercy. All his soul
Was given to one who scorned it. I have seen
Impatient anguish watch that pale cold brow—
For ever gracious toward inferior fools,
Toward him unchangeable—till shame and pride
Burst and dissolved in tears. The pitiless smile

Gave life again to both—so passion rose—
Like him that strove with Hercules of old,—
In two-fold vigor from the dust. Now see
How strange a kind of two-legg'd thing is this
Which stands so tottering, its own hard sighs
Can make it rock and stagger!—a little breath,
And that most fragrant, from a little mouth,
Not blown in wrath, but peaceful though unkind;
Nay less, a look—and that without a frown,
A blank and casual look, composed and heedless,
Can roll it bottom upwards! Mercy upon us!

AREZZI.

Most that endure, repine: hast ever heard
Such groans from me?

CIMBELLI.

Why no—you keep them down
As prudent masters rap their scholars' pates,
Commuting cries for tears. Your loveship sits
Like Æolus struggling with his subject winds,—
A sceptred king, but sore perplexed to rule.

AREZZI.

What was this brother's fortune?

CIMBELLI.

Common enough.

Be such an one as he, and live as he did
To watch his rivals laugh, hear gossips prattle,
How fond the bride, and late she lies in bed,
And when they look for issue.

AREZZI.

Hold—Cimbelli!

O ! senseless, merciless, as thou art—find out
Some other way than this to make me mad.
These scorpions did not sleep before—pray go—
Let us not meet again.

CIMBELLI.

Poor babe ! dear innocent !

AREZZI.

What nature wants in manhood—let the will
Excuse thus far—Though both are weak—Heaven knows !
One is not yet subdued. Wouldst prove me fool ?
Convince the fool of baseness ?—I am confessed
A fool half mad—a slave quite miserable :
Abject, indeed, and helpless ! but I feel
One passion of a man still left—his shame.

CIMBELLI.

Set Shame to buffet Love—he is the youngest,
And almost always follows hard at hand.

AREZZI.

This I can help, Cimbelli—I will not see
Another in my place. She has been mine—
Her looks, her thoughts, affections, wishes, tears—
I earned them all—not easily, as the price
Of short and pleasant service—years have flown
In doubt, in awe, in hope, almost in worship—
Till love, though pure, grew sinful. She has been
Single in earth to me—and let me own
Far oftener in my thoughts than Heaven. These eyes
Have gazed while sickness made its mark for death,
And part belonged to each !—I will not see
That which I had, transferred.

CIMBELLI.

Now, what dost swear by?

AREZZI.

he only thing still left me—it is enough—
By all I feel of misery!

CIMBELLI.

You must learn
Either to do or suffer—be brave or patient—
Blow out Love's torch with sighs, or act the man
And take what once was given you. Let us walk.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Part of the same Walk.

DON GABRIEL LUCERNA and DON FLOREZ ZAVA.

DON GABRIEL.

'Twill goad him till he roar, I hope.

DON FLOREZ.

Beware—

The bull has horns.

DON GABRIEL.

Then you shall see a bull feast.

He comes this way.

DON FLOREZ.

And by his side, hi calf.

DON GABRIEL.

You may take charge of him.

DON FLOREZ.

Their faces say

Our tale, though false, is old.

DON GABRIEL.

So much the better :

It will be credited the more.

[*Enter AREZZI and CIMBELLI.*

DON GABRIEL.

Arezzi !

O ! now for words to conjure with ! The dreams
Which waking Love remembers, Cupid's smiles,
And Hymen's promises—the things which were,
And now are not—deep vows, warm thoughts, fond
whispers—
Grant me this first request.

AREZZI.

Be brief then with it :

My patience suffers with my health to-day.

DON GABRIEL.

Do one fair service which may grace all three.
Don Florez is but slow at rhymes, and I
Have little friendship from the amorous Muse—
We lisp long prayers in prose.

CIMBELLI.

And you would have

Still less from Love, if Love had eyes or ears.

DON GABRIEL.

Now who is this ?

AREZZI.

Go on.

DON GABRIEL.

More practised thou
To mingle incense with melodious verse,
Shall teach us how to charm Cicilia's couch
From grief and barrenness.

CIMBELLI.

The marquis brought
These pleasant words from Spain.

DON FLOREZ.

Be quiet! dost mark me!

CIMBELLI.

I do—most heedfully.

AREZZI.

You have talked much
Of me, and of yourself, elsewhere—Don Gabriel;
Extoll'd some happier skill that practice lends you,
And prayed a time to prove it?—Answer me this.

DON GABRIEL.

If so indeed—what then?

AREZZI.

I might have blushed
To baffle a wish so fair—and would have staked—
With one whose hopes and honors matched mine own—
The days to come: but now—go home and triumph;
I have no equal pledge, nor can I lose
More than I wish was gone.

DON GABRIEL.

Well, write instead

This epithalamium for the duke.

AREZZI.

Farewell—

Let me pass on, Lucerna—do not strike
One reeling with the plague.

CIMBELLI.

It were a sin
To send this cid-sperm back!—the Count Arezzi
Is sick to day.

DON GABRIEL.

Perhaps he loaths his company,
As I do too.

DON FLOREZ.

When thou shalt speak with nobles,
Take off the covering from that pate, and turn

(CIMBELLI takes off his hat.)

The plume below. Lower—still lower, I say—

(CIMBELLI throws it on the ground.)

So—that will do.

CIMBELLI.

I need it for my health;
Now go, and pick it up.

DON FLOREZ.

Your page forgets
His place and wits, Arezzi.

CIMBELLI.

By my soul
Thou shalt be fain to bring it where I stand,
And give it on thy knee with fear and reverence,

Or lie beside it. (*Draws.*)

DON FLOREZ.

I will draw my sword

On none like thee.

CIMBELLI.

Then make the better haste

To pick me up my hat—dost loiter, sirrah!

Let this teach diligence. (*Strikes him.*)

DON GABRIEL.

Florez, we will make

The calf a sacrifice. (*They draw.*)

CIMBELLI.

So—keep in front,

And both together if you will.

AREZZI (*drawing.*)

Stand back—

Coward as thou art! didst dream my scorn was fear?

Thou leperous seven-fold liar—knave, pandar, Spaniard!

Now let us hear those boastings—mock me now—

O! that the fool which sent thee stood beside thee!

Look up—we fight for life—I will not take

Nor render mercy. (*They fight, DON GABRIEL falls.*)

CIMBELLI.

That goes near his ribs—

Nay, do not strike him twice—enough, Arezzi—

His jests are spent to day—be quiet, and cool

The devil within! (*To FLOREZ*) Thou shouldest go help thy
friend—

But I have sworn—first pick me up my hat.

DON FLOREZ.

Well, take it then

CIMBELLI.

Ay, lower—mine oath!—still lower—

So, that will do. Now let us lift him gently—

He faints—make haste Arezzi—help! some help!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Monastery.

SAVELLI (*alone.*)

The time for that is gone—Gerardo knows it,
Arezzi too : these creditors bark round me,
And every hour risks all. Who knocks ?—come in.

[*Enter LUDOVICO, attended by GERARDO, and other Monks.*

GERARDO.

We wait upon the abbot—good—my brother.

SAVELLI.

The duke has made his choice then ?

GERARDO.

He has filled

Our souls with thankfulness in that !

LUDOVICO.

Alas !

Mine still finds room for care : his highness joins
Ungracious duties to the power he lends me,
And makes its outset irksome—he requires
The clearance of our dealings ; that we sum
Our debts and dues ; and bids me take in charge

Our brother's office of the bursery here,
Till this be done.

SAVELLI.

So soon ? with all my heart !
He lifts a burden from my neck—I leave
A barren and unthankful task, and wipe
Much scandal off.

MONK.

Pray God you may do so ;
Its foulness spreads to us. The men we met with—
Who shamed our last night's obsequies—took home
Some from the gravest of the standers by,
To shew the vouchers for these debts, and turned
The city's wrath this way.—

SAVELLI.

We soon will quench it.
I have been working long—to gather up
The shreds and rovings of my trust, and make
Its selvage perfect—leave a seven years charge
Compactly rounded to a school-boy's ciphering—
I will require two days.

LUDOVICO.

'Tis less than just.
Brother, good night.

SAVELLI.

There are about us here
Ill-whispering tongues, beside the knaves we speak of—
Ay, some more near than these—in three days hence
I will requite their hissing.

LUDOVICO.

Would to Heaven

Nothing were here but love!—good brother, patience!

Do not say so.—

MONK.

If I am marked as such

I wish the three were one.

SAVELLI.

They may be found

As brief as you would have them be.

LUDOVICO.

Peace—peace!

[Exit with Monks.]

SAVELLI and GERARDO.

GERARDO.

We are upon the coals at last.

SAVELLI.

Ay, these

Ply with their bellows fiercely! shall we change

To lead and melt, or ere the heat prevail,

Burst from their shatter'd crucible in flames

And blow them to the moon? this crier of peace,

Who takes the office that I hold, to patch

The one I covet, though they chuse and name him,

Is not our abbot yet.

GERARDO.

You might have asked

A little longer time to break his neck.

SAVELLI.

But then I do not need it. Two days more

Will serve for that. Two days ! this world has changed
Its Lord in less than one : yet myriads live
Whose seventy years are ended ere they know
If what they think, they are. How many walk
With joints no steadier than a maid's at school,
That equal Mars in thought ! As fancy goads them,
They conquer provinces, set free the enslaved,
Burn fleets, sack cities, perish in the breach,
Mock emperors from the scaffold—and conclude
That fate hath stolen some patriot from the skies,
To make him, it may be, a friar, a weaver,
A darner of mens' hose ! are we like these ?
If wine alone have moved our tongues so oft,
Let us be wiser now—stop where we are.

GERARDO.

Gooth sooth ! and so in two days more be hanged !

SAVELLI.

We climb upon the ladder's top—one step
Will scale the ramparts—if we rest or turn,
A breath will send us down.

GERARDO.

Your ladder ends
Where many take the trouble for their pains
To mount, and straight come down another way,
Yet never reach the ground. Well—boldly on,
And see which stops the first.

SAVELLI.

A match—take these
And give Francisco two, the rest disperse
As those of yesterday. (*Giving letters.*) The Mole and Castle

Are safely ours, and some about the Fleet:
Our strength is greater than our need.

GERARDO.

Remember

That which I spoke of Andria.

SAVELLI.

Prithee be gone—

So, we shall lose Arezzi—wait, a little.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Chamber in the Palace.

PRINCE of ANDRIA and the DUCHESS.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

He has been sent for here.

DUCHESS.

Then speak it meekly,

As if in goodness toward himself, and thus

Leave out the offence, which else might reach to both,

And drive Arezzi mad.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

So—here he comes.

[*Enter CIMBELLI.*]

You have been quickly found, young man.

CIMBELLI.

Your Grace

Knew where to send and seek me.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Good sooth ! not I.

CIMBELLI.

The messenger ran straight toward church, I thought
Your Grace had told him where.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I pray—be quiet

We are not in the mood for jests all day—
Our fool talks much at home. I called thee here
To chide and punish, but her highness deigns
To bid rebuke be still.

DUCHESS.

We should remember
That youth is heady in its spleen, and pride
Ferments then mellows : what was harshness first
Is strength and flavour left to time.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

It is so.

I have not yet forgotten that I was once
Unripe and hard, like these.

DUCHESS.

Come near Cimbelli—

We will speak kindly with thee—thou dost whet
A temper in itself too sharp, and edge
The follies of thy friend : the elder thou
By much, with larger practice in this world,
Dost push him on to brawls, and mix his honor
With tavern fellowships—nay—fie ! we know it.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We have abridged his purse, whose plenty bought

Dishonest licence.

CIMBELLI.

I beseech your Grace
To stop and hear one word—Arezzi's honor
Has been his care to keep—and for his gold,
I never made it less.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We do believè it—
And meant no other : but what we know is this ;
Ye pick from better men, the loud and idle,
With whom ye herd. That quarrel of last night
Will not be ended yet.

CIMBELLI.

Then leave the blame
With those who raised it. Had your Grace stood there,
Arezzi would have found an abler second,
And done the same.

DUCHESS.

Those with whom you fought
Were noble and of Spain—the duke's companions,
Whose honor aches with theirs.

CIMBELLI.

The Count Arezzi
Is noble too, of Naples, and till now,
The duke's companion—Spain ! ye saints go with us
To make us humbler ! he will ever be—
Though not from Spain, their equal. Shall he lie
A jack for boys to quoit at ? when I named him
Less reverently, as you thought, of late—I seemed

No better than one's neighbour's cat surprised
With butter in her mouth. Your highness stamped,
Set wide the door, called me a thief, or worse,
And hissed me out. For this—so help me Heaven
The honor which I felt before, I doubled—
One still is left—I said—who loves the Count.

DUCHESS.

Well, so I did.

CIMBELLI.

Your highness does so yet,
Or why those tears?

DUCHESS.

Bless that mis-shapen pate
Which if not wise, is honest—I will love
Both him and thee.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

There will be proof of that
In what we mean to do. Our ward Arezzi
Is noble, was provoked, had cause for choler—
It was not so with thee—yet thou didst fall
The first to gibes, strike one of princely blood,
And rail unshamed!—be still, I say, and hear me—
Thou canst not rest in Naples.

DUCHESS.

Let the duke
Learn to forget thee first, and then return
With wiser customs home.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We will employ thee

Where trust is honor—make good haste to go—
Our letters shall be sealed to-night, to-morrow
They must set out toward Spain.

CIMBELLI.

Your Grace
Will grant a day or two beyond to-morrow?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

For what, Cimbelli?

CIMBELLI.

Tears, forsooth, and kisses—
I am in love.

DUCHESS.

'Twere wise to shorten grief.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

The maid will find a comforter—or Time
Will make her worth the more.

CIMBELLI.

'Tis not a maid—
Nor will Time mend her. Let her highness speak—
I only ask two days.

DUCHESS.

Well—count this, one—
And then I may.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

It is not wisely done ;
But if your highness wills it so—so be it.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE ANDRIA and DUCHESS.]

CIMBELLI.

Ye both shall bear these letters to the king,

And tell him news yourselves of us and Naples—
I will keep house. “Come near me, good Cimbelli!
“We would speak kindly with thee!” Two days hence,
Cimbelli may begin to comfort thee,
And play the part of patronage. The duchess
Will love Arezzi and myself, and I—
Whether he does or not—will love the duchess.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*The Palace Garden, at Night. On one side, the Palace
lighted—on the other, the Sea.*

AREZZI.

Their shadows move upon the walls within,
And o’er the softer cadences of song,
I hear their mirth! what was so pleasant once—
Night with her coolness, and that crimson moon
Whose rising wakes the nightingale—the flowers,
Too prodigal of their dewy sweetness, now
Tire and offend. I would not breathe again
The orange-blossom’s fragrance thus, or hear
The fountain waters dash their marble vase.
No sounds disturb the moonlight sea beyond:
They seem to rest whose barks are anchored there,
This music does not reach to them!—but I
Shall sleep no more till death—my heart still tells me
Its throbs are numbered.—Among so many blessed,

There is but one that can remember yet
The wretch shut out :—she would forget me too
If fear were not as strong as this new love—
Now they must watch together, and a breast
So innocent once, become the incestuous couch
Where shame engenders falsehood ! Let her bring
New lies upon her lips, and then go back
To flutter in the light of those fair halls,
Breathe their sweet incense, render sigh for sigh,
Or dubious pressure of dividing palms,
And blush beneath the lengthened gaze of love—
She did so, late, with me.—The strongest takes her,
And I, who might be such, stand here aloof
For fools to bate and hoot at !—hark—she comes—

[*Enter* CICILIA.]

You keep your faith in this.

CICILIA.

I do indeed—

In this, and all things else—if not toward all,
At least with you.

AREZZI.

I would have doubted once
The vows of dying saints as soon, or spurned
A vestal's sacraments.

CICILIA.

Then why not still ?

What promise have I made and broke—Arezzi ?

AREZZI.

You said that you would love me.

CICILIA.

So I do.

AREZZI.

Ay—as you love ten thousand—all mankind—
Your neighbour and your enemy—for this
Heaven bless your charity !

CICILIA.

O ! patience—patience—

AREZZI.

Then do not mock me—I am wretched now,
And speak I scarce know what. There is a time
When grief is less than misery, and respires
A mournful fragrance for the sighs it breathes—
Such melancholy greets its sorrows mildly,
And dallies with light pangs : but after this
Comes bitterness accursed and unallayed,
Whose taste is torment. No man ever yet
Knew and endured it long—though many talk
Of patience wisely, many too have borne
Life's miseries nobly—these had light within ;
Their darkness was not blackness, helpless, hopeless—
They never felt as I do, or their cries
Had been as loud as mine.

CICILIA.

What shall I say ?—

Believe me still, Arezzi.

AREZZI.

Speak the truth,
And then I will—say that a man should keep

His follies to himself, and hide his shame—
That the proud heart may burst, but not repine—
That he who tells its sufferings, owns its baseness.—
I say so too myself—disdain, not tears,
Should meet the unfaithful—but that fire consumes
First peace, then manhood; levels pride, and brings
Our strength to this.

CICILIA.

You will not hear me speak!

AREZZI.

Say that you love me still.

CICILIA.

I do.

AREZZI.

But how?

Now speak and save me if you do—my brain
Rocks dizzily, and from the sea and air
I hear a voice which calls me—I may bring
On other heads than ours that palace roof—
So—all will perish! Promise to be mine—
Give me that hand again.

CICILIA.

I cannot promise.

AREZZI.

No—why?

CICILIA.

I have already promised.

AREZZI.

Ah!

To whom, Cicilia?

CICILIA.

Nothing more than that
Which truth and honor will confirm, believe me.

AREZZI.

What promise—and to whom?

CICILIA.

This is unjust.

AREZZI.

Tell me that promise—I must know what promise—

CICILIA.

I am unhappy too—you will not hear me.

AREZZI.

Speak plainly, and I will—there is a promise?
Now tell me what it is.

CICILIA.

I cannot tell you.

AREZZI.

Dissembler—traitress!

CICILIA.

You will grieve hereafter
That you have called me such. It is because
The faith which never bent its gaze from you,
Is kept toward all.

AREZZI.

Hast promised love to all?

CICILIA.

To none but you.

AREZZI:

What double vows are these?

CICILIA.

If you have ever loved me yet—believe me,
And ask no more. [AREZZI *kisses her*.

AREZZI.

I am content—farewell !

Be wise and secret—keep your promise now—
Still talk of faith and honor !—What I blame
Is not that Fancy changes, or that Love
Hath eyes for gold—but that, while truth were safest,
You chose deceit, and made me feel my shame
Even worse than all the rest—now go—adieu !

CICILIA.

Alas ! not thus, Arezzi !—Let us part
As those who love unhappily, but feel
No worse than grief.—You will think justly yet :
Yes—when it is too late, you will believe me !
If we must part—it should be somewhere else—
Not here, where love began ! These walks are witness
Of what it has been !

AREZZI.

Cruel ! to speak of this !

CICILIA.

If I were what you call me, should I stand
To wait and sue—bear injuries like these—
And say I love you still ?

AREZZI.

Tell me that promise—

You see my soul tormented—O ! no, no !
You might have bidden farewell without deceit

Said that you must forsake me—left me here
Less shameful tears !—I could have loved you then
Through time and sorrow, still unchanged, and mourned
The lost, as those we weep, yet think in Heaven.

CICILIA.

I can do more, Arezzi—love the unkind,
Forgive the ungrateful—sorrow for the lost—
Bear shame itself unchanged—hopeless, still pray—
Wronged and suspected, keep my faith—and bid
Farewell without reproach. I have forgotten
My place too long—a princess and a maid
Has sued unheeded, unbelieved, and stooped
Her head to this—we shall not meet again
For anger and disgrace !—Farewell, Arezzi. [Exit.

AREZZI.

If this should be a dream—this dreadful half
Of what I fear and suffer—let me find
Her bosom unpolluted when I wake,
And sleep again for ever !—Grief can raise
Its dæmons, and the hot and jealous brain
Is quick with fallacies—better doubt these
Than that which ever yet was truth ! It is
Savelli's lie—Gerardo's—Gabriel's—Florez—
An universal lie ! and she who owns them,
Has made no promises ! Thus will I use
Her truth against her word—and keep my patience
While that most gracious and lacivious fool
Shall question which loves most—which most she loves—
Gaze in her eyes provoking smiles, and force

Reluctant kisses from the severed lips
Till passion yield them—what I dare not ask,
Take as his right.—O ! but he never shall—
Never till I am dust ! I hope not then. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Public Walk.

CIMBELLI and GERARDO.

GERARDO.

It is a perilous strait ! to speak my knowledge
Seems like a wrong toward Charity—to hide it
Were lack of love indeed !

CIMBELLI.

Well, speak—what is it ?
Rock Charity to sleep.

GERARDO.

The general tongue
Clamors its censures loudly, and mine own
But echos what it says.

CIMBELLI.

This general tongue
Belongs to foul-mouthed Fame—and Fame tells lies—
And lies should not be echoed.

GERARDO.

Men must know
Their frailties to repent them : thou art blamed
For words too liberal, and a life beside

Too like thy words.

CIMBELLI.

I would that I could hear
The same sins laid to thee—no tongue hath said
Thy words and life are paired.

GERARDO.

Alas ! we err—

And shall we not be humbled ? Is it hard
That they who drink to drunkenness of sin,
Should wake at last in shame !

CIMBELLI.

Come, come—be honest.

Prithee speak out : I cannot talk in verse—
I do abhor your figures !—drunk with sin,
Now sick and sober !—There are eyes abroad
Which see by starlight, and have found thee, father,
Where thou wouldst not be known.

GERARDO.

Mark me, young man,

We too have eyes for darkness, and our ears
Can hear what yours cannot.

CIMBELLI.

I do believe !

Dark doings need quick ears. Who walks by night
Must look before, or woe-betide his nose.
You bear some witches lanthorn—you can trace
The blind worm's path for leagues without a moon,
And circumvent the jackal. When you pray,
The frightened stars go out—from village towers

The bells untouched ring mournfully—the wolves
Look up and howl—and from the gibbet's nail
The murderer's hand gets loose to free his head!
Three times, as old men say, before her travail,
Your mother met a judge—and dreamed all night
That screech-owls stood as sponsors to the babe,
While bats and molewarps nursed it.

GERARDO.

Who said this?

CIMBELLI.

The same that told thee what I do—he is
A knave no doubt: but patience—we go forth
Each where his nature guides—the light leads me,
Loud tongues, loose fancies, laughing lips and eyes—
I hate all mysteries.

GERARDO.

Thou dost, Cimbelli?

So, Heaven be praised! my hands are clean in this—
My knowledge is not now my sin.—Be merry—
Sing like some April cuckoo all day long
The same dull note, for rustic fools to mock at—
Their jest, then weariness. Thou that lovest light,
Come not too near the fire!—it were as wise
To bruise one's nose, as burn it. Lips may grin
Without a gibe. Pray that my prayers may free
The gibbet from that coxcomb there—and so
Go warily, sir Fool!—Look well about thee,
Nor slip nor stumble—or it yet may roll
A rood beyond its shoulders. I would hint

What makes it rock thus giddily—but thou
Dost loath all mysteries! so peace be with thee! [Exit.

CIMBELLI.

What! treachery, ha!—this dog-fox scents us grossly!
I could not listen for my noise! My tongue
Rides courier to mine ears, and leads them on
Where I may lose all three!—Halloo! and after. [Exit.

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Palace.

PRINCE of ANDRIA and the DUCHESS, meeting.

DUCHESS.

Your eyes speak first—they tell me something good!
Haste and interpret what it is.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I will.

Love spurns his old obstructions, right and left;
The hard encumbrances of twenty years—
Now the heart makes its offerings unperplexed—
Honor not lessened by its love—and love
Sublimed, not cooled, by reverence—read these letters.

DUCHESS.

They came from Spain?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Whose character is this?

DUCHESS.

Our prayers then are fulfilled!—I know the writing.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

The king has called me kinsman—and our child,
His son and nephew—look! how good and gracious!

DUCHESS.

The royal hand itself!

PRINCE ANDRIA.

And here he tells us

To make our marriage public when we please.—

“Your wisdom shall choose for you what to do,

“And how to claim your place. It is our will

“That Ferdinand be proclaimed and crowned—yourselves

“Stand near enough to judge if this your secret

“Should follow briefly to the public ear;

“Or come the first; or both be heard at once.

“Look to the people well—their thoughts will guide you,

“And He, whose care you are. We will not mix

“Your history in the letters to our son—

“Tell it when best yourselves.”

DUCHESS.

Well, tell it now.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

To-day—to-morrow—when you will—but say,

Have we been wise in waiting? Was it wrong

To watch the perfecting of time like this?

Now we may teach Arezzi what he is.

DUCHESS.

To-morrow is his birth-day.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Let him learn

This and the rest at once.

DUCHESS.

He shall do so—

And many who would have made these clouds the blacker
Shall learn it too.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

To-morrow? We must make haste.

DUCHESS.

There will be time enough to call the guests :
We can prepare a banquet, where the duke
May practise royalty ere his throne is built—
The court expects no less, and he will thank us :
The feast may seem for him.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

And then, what next?

DUCHESS.

Then while a thousand eyes flash hate or love,
We will proclaim the birth-day of our child—
A prince, and sprung from kings, our own Arezzi!

PRINCE ANDRIA.

So, hide it from the duke, meanwhile?

DUCHESS.

From all

But one.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Cicilia?

DUCHESS.

Grief, I know not why,

As envious as the meekness which would tire it—
Hath wrought with double strength to-day, and made
Her silence worse than cries. I would not waste
The comfort of an hour.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I had forgotten—
Here hope seems kindling too. The duke shall have
An Austrian princess for his queen.

DUCHESS.

Who says so?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

The king.

DUCHESS.

This perfects all I wish—come, come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Abbey Cloisters.

CIMBELLI and GERARDO.

CIMBELLI.

Nay, but you chew it crossways.

GERARDO.

Let me go—

CIMBELLI.

Let us go both together.

GERARDO.

Good or ill,

And whether what you think or not, I am
Of what I was thus much—I love too kindly
Such as I loved at first—the free, the sportive,
A merry heart like yours; and it would press
Far heavier on my spirit than greater sins,
To see the snare and watch the heedless perish.

CIMBELLI.

Now this is kindly said.

GERARDO.

The light leads you—
I am the while a bat, a screech-owl's godchild,
A fright, a portent—ominous as it is,
My voice was raised to warn you.

CIMBELLI.

What dost wish?

I will repent.

GERARDO.

'Tis time, young man!—by this
My words and doings may seem more akin.

CIMBELLI.

The words are good—and for the rest, Gerardo,
I would not coax, and sue, and tell a lie
To save as many threatened heads as his
That barked in hell!—so speak, or else good day—
Art one of us?

GERARDO.

I cannot answer that—
But hark!—stand still, you must not be so hasty :—
You talked of late with Andria?—You shall hear

And answer me—my brother and the duchess?—
Now can I tell of what?—

CIMBELLI.

Well, do.

GERARDO.

You touched,—

And sharply too,—the beggary of your friend,
Hinted his griefs, and ended that he lives
Deprived, deserted, wronged?

CIMBELLI.

I did.

GERARDO.

You said—

Unwisely as I think—that Nature yields
The authority of man to men, and law
In this hath strengthened Nature?

CIMBELLI.

I did not.

GERARDO.

Then it was rendered wrong. Mark me, my son;
The lesson, if we live, may do thee good;
If not, it is but lost.—Stand wide of quarrels,
Nor kick the dog which bites thy neighbour's heel.
When strong men smite the weak—go home in silence.
If Ahab lack a vineyard, bid him take it—
Though Naboth be thy brother. If a house
Consume with fire at midnight, let it burn
Unless thine own stand near. And if the church,
In which lie sepulchred thy father's bones,

Should chance to shake—'tis better that it fall
Than risk thine own in propping it.

CIMBELLI.

By the mass!

Mine was a silly squeamishness of late—
I might have said at first, had I heard this,
Thy words and deeds agree; good father, where
Didst learn thy catechism?

GERARDO.

What Andria points at
Heaven knows, not I! To covet is a sin
Which most besets old age. He is my brother—
Mine elder brother—but the near in blood
May stand aloof in will.

CIMBELLI.

Why true—you pair
No better than the weasel and the stote—
One wears the bushier tail.

GERARDO.

Hear me, Cimbelli!
Mouths which revile the mighty must be closed—
The sooner if they speak the truth—and thine
Hath long stood wide: it spatters at the church,
Blasphemes her ministers, vents, scoffs and jeers
At us, and all.

CIMBELLI.

Stop there, and take one half—
I ever loved the church, and some I honor
Whose mother she is, not all.

GERARDO.

So much the worse ;

Now this is heresy—so rank a goat
To choose between her shepherds ; he sins less
Who hates them all !—the discipline fails here
Which happier Spain can furnish—she may lop
The barren branches off, and purge with fire
The stock which profits not ;—thou shalt bear hence
A message to the king ?

CIMBELLI.

What if I do ?

GERARDO.

His majesty may save a soul—and lend
The inquisitors to help thy faith.

CIMBELLI.

Ye faggots !

What, burn me ?

GERARDO.

Hush ! man, hush !

CIMBELLI.

I ever loathed

This heathenish cookery where they roast men whole—
And must I make a dish ?

GERARDO.

We may be watched.

I barely keep the windward of mine oath,
As servant of the office—and have borrowed
From Faith too much for Charity—come hither !—
I saw the accusation ; this right hand

Subscribed it, sealed it, sent it. Those in Spain
Can do what we cannot. While Andria lives,
Take heed!—dost hear me?—While he lives be careful.

[*Exit.*

CIMBELLI.

Father, adieu! I thank you for your news—
Your prayers and blessing at your better leisure.
'Tis well the plug is near to caulk this hole,
Or mercy on my boat!—Prince Andria—verily!
Old Honor's leading staff!—The slime of Nile—
With all its sun-engendered snakes and vermin—
Hath never hatched so strange a chick as this,
Bird, beast, or fish! A sphinx with claws and riddles!
Part cat, part crocodile!—pat me, and coax me,
Call me kind names forsooth!—jumped just in time!
But one day left. I stood so near the fire
My doublet seems to smell of it. And now—
It is as I could wish. The popular voice,
Some yearnings of mine own, above all Arezzi—
Who would abhor the hand which plucked one hair
From that devil's head of his—have kept between us,
Turned back my sword, and, but for this, to-morrow
Had seen its work ill done. The kingly babe
May travel with his aunt toward Spain—but Andria!
That brain of thine is dangerous. I will shove
Remorse behind me, think upon the flames,
And dash it out.—Arezzi may repine;
But when the thing is ended, it will be
Both well and wisely—justly done and fairly.

So let your politic pate rest whole till morn,
Then take its leave of night caps—good prince Andria.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

An Apartment in the Palace.

DUKE, DUCHESS, PRINCE of ANDRIA—OFFICERS and
ATTENDANTS.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We have dispatched those warrants from your Grace.
The time is brief indeed, with much to do.

[*Enter an OFFICER with a letter.*]

Well, who brought this?

OFFICER.

I cannot learn his name :

Your highness saw the man alone last night.

He seemed in haste.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

So—this will tell us more.

Now send us Asti hither.

[*Enter ASTI.*]

O!—good—your Grace

Shall learn it from his lips.

DUCHESS.

To-night, you say,

We must expect these traitors here?

DUKE.

How many?

ASTI.

I cannot search their numbers, but enough
To make division of their strength.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

One third

Will scale Saint Elmo?—we are sure of these.

ASTI.

There is another for the Mole and Fleet—
The strongest third I hear.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

So much the better.

Gold has been scattered there I know : at dusk
We shall withdraw their garrisons elsewhere.

ASTI.

The last is destined here.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

No doubt the trustiest.

DUCHESS.

Whence did he learn all this?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

From one among them,

Who has a capital part to play, and yet
Knows little but his share.

ASTI.

He told beside

That we might find old faces at the feast—
But knew not whose.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

No matter.—It is set down
That some should enter first, you say, in masks?

ASTI.

Yes—ten or twelve, and masked. They come as guests,
Their dress and carriage suited to the place,
Till others left behind shall break the doors,
And enter too.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Thus one may seem a score—
While every man is feared and fears the rest!

ASTI.

I learnt no more.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Then hasten to the Mole,
And see that what we bid is done—quick! quick!

[Exit ASTI.]

We have from other mouths a warning too—
Now what says this? (*Reads the letter.*) “Watch all to-
“night—beware

“Of guests with crimson scarfs and golden vizars,
“For such are dangerous.”—So—I wish we had
More space to make them welcome.

DUCHESS.

They seem, like us,
Scarce ready, and in haste.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Faith! they do well;
They might have waited long a chance more likely.

Who wake and sleep with danger in their thoughts
Are restless till it come.

DUKE.

Shall we prevent them,
And chuse some other night.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Not for the world ;
Your Grace will pardon that I speak so plainly—
I would not for the world.

DUCHESS.

We should be glad
That all we fear must show itself and end.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We dare not hope it may be granted twice
To bind invisible Danger, spite his charms,
And force him to the light.

DUCHESS.

These snakes crawl out,
But while our eyes are on them, cannot harm us.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

They leave their holes at last, to meet the sun :—
These crimson skinned and golden headed vipers—
Let them slink back to grow and multiply ;
And we may feel their poison in our flesh,
Ere they be seen again. Come in there—ho !
Give some one this. Now stir thee, good Filippo—
Pick me out twenty men, the best we have—
Such as can understand us—find them masks,
Let them be armed, and habited as guests,
Then wait upon us here.—Your Grace will pardon. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A Vineyard, at Sun-set.

AREZZI, CIMBELLI, and SAVELLI.

AREZZI.

Art sure of that, Cimbelli ?

CIMBELLI.

Yes, I am.

AREZZI.

Let us look warily before we go,
And keep the offering uncorrupt ! our feet
Are on the temple steps—a single spot
Defiles the victim—we should search within
To see that nothing sensual, selfish, proud,
Mix with the sacrifice. We give our hearts
Untainted to this work ?

CIMBELLI.

I do.

AREZZI.

Speak, father.

SAVELLI.

I answer to my conscience, son : my vows
Are made elsewhere.

AREZZI.

Speak out—we will know more.

L

Is it for Naples or ourselves ? her tears
Must follow what we do, and he is damned
Past hope or mercy here—sevenfold hereafter—
Who thinks his idols holier than her peace,
Or lightly turns him to a work like this.

SAVELLI.

Well, let him be so then—ourselves will make
Her health the record of our thoughts ; Arezzi,
To this one end I live.

AREZZI.

Then go—both go—
That double curse would meet me if I went !
When Naples suffered—what was that to me ?
I never saw her blushes, till lost hopes,
Pride, discontent, a splenetic hate of wrong,
And love with jealousy disturbed the dreamer.

SAVELLI.

Thus slaves learn truth : who suffers not, may doubt
Lest bile have bred the ills his neighbour mourns.
You know from what you feel.

CIMBELLI.

Why, Count, this love
Hath drawn thy tun of wisdom fairly out,
Nor left its lees to smell at ;—let us make haste
Where Justice sweats in fur, and shame the guardian.
Ask for thy father's lands, gold, servants, honors—
Tell who has turned the public gaze this way
And made distrust disgrace—whose breath it was
That scorched the spring-shoots of thy love, transferred

Thy mistress to his master—blew thee forth
A pennyless vagrant from their court, and swelled
Spain's windy parasites to mock and brave thee!

SAVELLI.

Thou shalt have right! the doors stand wide for judgment,
And all are welcome there.

CIMBELLI.

O! blind and feeble!

They will not leave thee such a dog as I
For guide or comforter. I must be gone—
First, whipt—then, hanged—next, burnt! a smoke-dried
herring

Scorched black to cure the weevils!—they have found me
With moonlight hedge-hogs, leagued against the calves—
A Faun, a Puck, a Succubus, a Foliot,
The he-cat of some hag—a witch-hermaphrodite
With dugs to suckle fiends. Because I laugh,
Our holy mother shakes the rock she stands on—
My jests are heresies—so hence to Spain
Where fire must search and purge them.

AREZZI.

Fie! believe not!

Who told this tale, Cimbelli?

CIMBELLI.

One it was

That knew the truth—I cannot answer more—
Father, what sayest thou?

SAVELLI.

Only one could know it;

And he could not have told it.

CIMBELLI.

Why?

SAVELLI.

Look!—One
Whose habit answers mine, whose blood is nobler—
If any else, 'tis false.

CIMBELLI.

Thou dingy cherub!

I will believe thee still.

AREZZI.

I dread to think it.

SAVELLI.

Well, set this murderous treachery out of sight,
There may be cause enough for what we do.

AREZZI.

And still the thought is dreadful.

SAVELLI.

Be thyself:

We have a bond on Fortune.

AREZZI.

Most success

Breeds most remorse! These eyes must see their tears
Who loved me once.

CIMBELLI.

Wouldst keep them all thyself?

Hast thou not had thy share? they were content
To look on thine.

AREZZI.

But still they nursed and fed me:

I render scorpions for the bread they gave.

SAVELLI.

O! this might suit some virgin twelve years old—
Our enterprize needs men.

CIMBELLI.

The king and queen,
Who hold to-night a kind of wedding feast,
Would keep the Count a virgin all life through.

SAVELLI.

I must away—we trust you, Count, thus far :
The rest we will discharge ourselves. For those
So loved and mourned we must provide without you.
Who joins the risk shares power—if some shall suffer,
We cannot hear your prayers.

AREZZI.

Give me your promise—
Mine oaths shall be as strongly sworn as yours—
Promise to spare these four—the duke, the duchess,
Prince Andria, and Cicilia—swear to save them—
To guard their persons, honors, health, and peace—
Leave them untouched to me, and if I need it,
To help me for their safety.

SAVELLI.

Well, what follows?

AREZZI.

I will not pause, or swerve, or look behind ;
But yield my heart and sword to you and Naples—
So may I live or perish!

SAVELLI.

I do, Arezzi.

AREZZI.

This promise is for you, and all who serve you?

SAVELLI.

Again I swear.

AREZZI.

Cimbelli, kneel with us.

CIMBELLI.

I cannot swear half this.

AREZZI.

Thou canst not swear it?

Then all are free again.

SAVELLI.

Be ruled, my son—

Dost hold thy wrath above the health of Naples?

Fie! fie!—kneel down.

CIMBELLI.

Thou hast redeemed a life.

My honour and my soul are bound together,

And both stand pledged to this.

SAVELLI.

It is enough.

The leaders wait, farewell!—To-morrow, Count,

I meet them face to face. Be strong, yet wary—

Look full of hope, and be so. Shew this seal;

They know it, and will obey it.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace.

DUKE, DUCHESS, PRINCE of ANDRIA, and OFFICERS.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

You know your duties, gentlemen ;—be careful !
Watch all that come to-night, but keep yourselves,
With those who serve you, in the halls below ;
And while these traitors pass, guard well the stairs.

OFFICERS.

We will obey your highness.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

So far, good night.

[*Exeunt* OFFICERS.]

Now where are those in masks ?—what ho ! Filippo—
Good saints ! it is almost the time—lights, lights—
Let the guests enter when the rooms are ready ;
And bid the chamberlains attend his Grace.

DUKE.

I hear the trumpets—some are here already.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

When shall we see Arezzi ?

DUKE.

Will he come?

DUCHESS.

He had our message yesterday, and then
Seemed much perplexed: to-day, I sent another,
And still he answered savingly awry—
If he could come, he would. My message now
Commands his presence in your highness' name,
And instantly.—O! here he is who bore it.

DUKE.

What answer does the Count Arezzi send us?

SERVANT.

He bade me tell your highness to expect him—
Said if he come alone, he will be here,
And that it is his duty.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

This becomes him.

DUKE.

A fair reply indeed.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Her highness' ladies—

What pages wait? make haste!

[*Enter FILIPPO, with PERSONS masked.*

Bravely Filippo!

These are well furnished, and, I hope, all armed.—
Take off your masks—you have not much to learn,
So, good my friends, be perfect. You must watch,
As loose spectators midst our guests to-night,
For nine or ten—perhaps more—with scarfs and vizars—

Observe them well, and by the signs I give you :
Their scarfs are crimson silk—their vizars gilt—
Walk near them where they go—if they divide,
Sever your numbers too—let two tend one ;
And when I bid, lay hold.—Now go your ways—
And good Filippo keep your eyes among them.

DUKE.

Well, is the music ready ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Send these gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Apartment in the Palace, lighted, decorated, and filled with
GUESTS, some of whom are masked and some not. The
DUKE, DUCHESS, CICILIA, and PRINCE of ANDRIA,
enter.—The Music ceases, the GUESTS rise.*

DUKE.

The time is chosen for our mirth, not ceremony.
We will accept no homage from our guests
And claim no power but this—to bid them welcome.
Their presence brings us honor—we behold
The stars which make our firmament so glorious—
The light and health of Naples.

[*Enter AREZZI and ten others, with masks and scarfs.*]

DUCHESS.

Let us think

That none is here who loves us not, and so
Once more—all welcome !

PRINCE ANDRIA (*to the* DUCHESS.)

Look—the scarfs and vizars !
Right to a man—their leader makes eleven.
We must not seem to watch.

DUCHESS.

Then call the music.

Song.

All that nature has is thine !
Earth's delights, and Ocean's wealth,
Bread, and oil, and fruit, and wine—
Land of pleasure—air of health.

From thee, Misfortune hides her frown ;
Life's sunny bark floats gaily down ;
While Pleasure rests the useless oar—
The winds are calm, the skies are clear,
Thou hast not much to wish or fear—
And nothing to deplore !

Pass in bliss the hours away,
Gather from the rose and vine—
Every dew-drop yields a ray—
And the dew of love is wine.

DUCHESS.

I cannot find Arezzi here—this boy
Is not come yet.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

It may be he is masked.

DUCHESS.

Why will he ever thwart us thus !

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Be patient—

And let him rest awhile—I think not of him :
These traitors must be dealt with first.

DUCHESS.

See!—see!—

They part and walk asunder.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Good—you have

A servant at the back of each—our followers
Are near enough behind.

DUCHESS.

That tallest seems

To lead the rest.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I have mine eyes upon him—

He is their guide, no doubt.

DUKE.

When shall we see his face ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Wait till the rest are safe—let us not scare—
By shooting at their leading stag too soon—
The herd behind.

DUKE.

Now where is Count Arezzi?

DUCHESS.

Either not here or masked.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

When these are netted,
We shall unvizar all—look for him then.

CICILIA.

They walk this way!

PRINCE ANDRIA.

No matter—let your eyes
Pass lightly over them.

[AREZZI and one CONSPIRATOR approach.

DUCHESS.

Our guests seem idle.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

The music—ho! there—will your highness dance?
We must deceive the time.

DUKE.

Cousin, dance with me.

The Count Arezzi will not envy this,
Or let him come and claim you. He forgets
His promise to us all—What pale and trembling!
Room there—and music. (*A Dance.*)

AREZZI.

Ah! she smiled at that—
What was it that he said?

CONSPIRATOR.

Arezzi claims you—
Now let him come and take you.

AREZZI.

So I will—

Wait but a minute, both.

CONSPIRATOR.

They watch us yet—

AREZZI.

How long Cimbelli loiters.

CONSPIRATOR.

Hark—a noise—

Voices below.

AREZZI.

Be ready then—they come—

I did not hear it.

CONSPIRATOR.

Now—both cries and weapons—

AREZZI.

If so, it is Cimbelli—hold !

CONSPIRATOR.

Again !

AREZZI.

This music stuns me—what was that ?

CONSPIRATOR.

Hush—hush !

Prince Andria's eyes are on us.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Louder music !

These pipers sleep !

AREZZI.

Now there is something stirring—

I hear it plain enough at last—fall back,
And join the rest.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Their captain seems to shake.

DUCHESS.

Look! look! he leads Cicilia toward the door!
The audacious traitor! whispering in her ear!

AREZZI.

Fly, princess—go this way.

CICILIA.

From what?

AREZZI.

Grief—shame—

The sight of danger.

CICILIA.

Whither?

AREZZI.

To the church.

CICILIA.

Who is it that bids me fly?

AREZZI.

One that has loved—

Still loves and pities!

CICILIA.

Who is it? Arezzi?

If thou canst love or pity, fly thyself—

Lost!—thou art lost—betrayed! O! madman, traitor!

DUCHESS.

Peace! still a tumult, Andria!

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I hope their strength
Is less than what we meet it with! [Enter an OFFICER.
Now? quick—

OFFICER.

It is all ended.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Safely?

OFFICER.

Some are dead—
The rest, my lord, are ours.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Go—watch the doors.
Silence that music—guard the duke who love him—
Let none go out.—Treason! conspiracy!
Look all this way—and now unmask—thou traitor!
[PRINCE ANDRIA plucks the mask from AREZZI, and while
the CONSPIRATORS attempt to draw their swords, the
masked ATTENDANTS rush upon them, and bind them.

GUESTS.

Arezzi! Count Arezzi!

DUCHESS.

Merciful God!

It is our child!

DUKE.

Carry the princess out—
Call help there!—haste!
[PRINCE ANDRIA gazes at AREZZI, and dashes the mask
on the ground.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Thou traitor !

AREZZI.

I am none—

Naples shall judge her children—which are faithful !
I would have sent the usurper home to Spain,
And loosed her from her shame—but ye are traitors—
Ye hold your rotten fortunes from a thief
Who stole them ere he gave them. Slaves of Spain !
It is your gold which gilds the calf you worship.
I did not mean to live—all that we lose
Is Naples' loss, not our's.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Take them away—

What is it that you wait for ?

DUCHESS.

Let me speak—

[*The CONSPIRATORS are taken out.*]

PRINCE ANDRIA.

O ! peace—not now. I do adjure your highness !
It is my prayer—make me not mad—quite mad !—
His Grace would be in private.

DUKE.

Leave us, friends,
Till we can meet more happily—farewell !
[*The GUESTS retire, the DUCHESS sits down and covers her
face with her hands.*]

[*Enter ASTI.*]

The ships and Mole are safe.

DUKE.

Then Heaven be praised !

PRINCE ANDRIA.

I would be thankful if I could—this boy
Perverts my prayers, and what were asked as mercies,
Are maledictions to us both !—now go—pray go,
[To FILIPPO.

Keep them all separate—dost thou understand me ?
Well, what dost stare and gape at ? get thee gone—
Divide their leaders—lodge Arezzi singly—
We will direct the rest.

DUKE.

Good aunt, take comfort.

You shall distribute mercy where you please—
I know you love Arezzi.

DUCHESS.

You may grant him

A base and shameful life—and I will ask it.
But honor—none can beg or give again.

[Exit with PRINCE ANDRIA.

DUKE.

Are many hurt ?

ASTI.

The most of those below ;
And some are dead. Their captain led them madly—
Yet wisely too for one who hates a rope—
Twice through the guards up stairs. His neck seems
 charmed—
Perhaps the gibbet may have better luck ;

M

But none of these could break it.

DUKE.

Is he known?

ASTI.

He was the Count's companion—one Cimbelli. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Street at Night.

SAVELLI and GERARDO.

SAVELLI.

Pray—pray—make haste.

GERARDO.

I have made better haste

The other road, Savelli. When I run
It is not toward a jail—if we must go,
We shall be sent for—wait till then.

SAVELLI.

Fool, as thou art!

To trifle now! there is one chance of safety.

GERARDO.

Why true—your jails are safe enough, at least!
No danger there of drowning! We escape
Whatever travellers risk by land or sea,
And all the snares of drinking, wenching, feasting;
Men seldom die of surfeits there. But now,

Brother, be quiet ! the game we played is lost !
They keep their king and bishops—let us shut
The tables and be gone.

SAVELLI.

Where shall we go ?

The Roads and Port are guarded seven miles round.
Hast wings or fins ? Canst live in air or water ?
O ! do not thwart me now ! our secret rests
In silence yet upon a single tongue—
That stopt—we sleep all night without a dream,
And wake to-morrow perfect.

GERARDO.

Whose ? Arezzi's ?

SAVELLI.

There were but two that knew it—beside thyself—
Arezzi and Cimbelli—one is gone—
The Count sees Death look hard and black upon him,
And youth may flinch from pain.—Andria would give
His life for your's or mine.

GERARDO.

Run then—run on. . [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The State Prison.—Night.

DUCHESS, PRINCE of ANDRIA, PROVOST, and
ATTENDANTS.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

My brother and a friar ? What friar ? Savelli ?

PROVOST.

I do not know his name—he called himself
Confessor to the Count, and as I think,
He also said his tutor. After these
There came a female, veiled, who prayed to see him—
She wept and offered gold.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

And you refused it?

PROVOST.

I answered as became mine office—prince.
Still she besought and wept.

DUCHESS.

And how, at last?

PROVOST.

She called her maids and left me.

DUCHESS.

Veiled—with servants!

You that can bar your doors against a woman,
Might shut them to a monk.

PROVOST.

I would have done so :
But one was brother to his Grace, and both
Spoke loudly of their rights.

DUCHESS.

That female speaks
Ever of her's too meekly—sir, she is kin
To him and me.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Well, mend your error now—
And since you have them, keep them.—By my truth,

They both shall tarry where they are! Dost hear?
Put them in ward—you have my warrant for it.
Who knows these foxes' earths? O! Guido, you;
Go—search their cells. Meet us at home—make haste.

[*Exit* OFFICER.]

What prisoners have you here beside the Count?

PROVOST.

There is Allori, Rota, Guazzo, Vasi,
And that Cimbelli.—

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Stop now—some one told me
The last of these was dead.

PROVOST.

'Twas so believed—
He fell, with eight or ten of those he fought with,
Twice down the stairs. Many he struck are maimed—
He was but stunned.

DUCHESS.

Then, Provost, let us see him.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

And make that rumor spread itself: his friends
May speak the plainer if they think him dead.

DUCHESS.

Walk on, and show the way.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

But first, your Grace
Will send our letter to the duke?

DUCHESS.

Come with me—

Better tell all ourselves."

PRINCE ANDRIA.

What, now?

DUCHESS.

Why not?

This secret has been kept too long.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We must

Be speedy with it then: the clock strikes two—
At three the council will attend us here.

DUCHESS.

Provost, we shall return—stay where you are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Prison,—Night.

AREZZI, SAVELLI, and GERARDO.

GERARDO.

Strength! talk of strength! These torments break the heart.
Brave men are weak in pain—the bravest dread it.

AREZZI.

I do not yet. Misery is thus far good—
It masters Fear. Savelli, speak of death.
I would prepare with awe to die, as one
That knows indeed how great a thing it is,
Even where the best give back their souls to Him
In whose sight none are guiltless—how much greater!

When from the maddening struggles of this world,
With all its devilish passions hot about them—
Pride, Envy, Vengeance, desperate Love, and Wrath—
Men sink, at once, like me ! It is not Death—
Or pain in passing to his rest—if rest—
That can affright me now—but what I am,
And may be soon !—Teach me to pray, good father !
Thy heart was spotless in this work—but mine !

SAVELLI.

You may lie down and sleep without a sigh—
As the tired infant slumbers after grief
With tears upon its cheek—or else, your spirit
Must pass to death through agony !—My son
Trust not this strength.

AREZZI.

How can I gain such rest ?

SAVELLI.

Drink this, and sleep.

AREZZI.

What ! poison ? It is not poison ?

SAVELLI.

The sin be mine, my son ! if it be sin.—

GERARDO.

Women dare flee from Pain to Death—and think
His peace a blessing.

AREZZI.

I will face them both.

GERARDO.

Who, but the fool, with power to choose between them,

Takes more than one ?

AREZZI.

Art thou God's minister ?
Tempt me not, devils—mine eyes are opened now—
Savelli !—fiend !

GERARDO.

The coward !—he dares not die !

AREZZI.

Not as the Iscariot died—though both were traitors !

GERARDO.

Thou slave !

AREZZI.

To-morrow I will answer that.

SAVELLI.

You will betray your friends.

AREZZI.

I have none, friar.

I thought that I had one till now ! The last
Is dead already—you robbed me of the earliest.

SAVELLI.

Swear yet once more.

AREZZI.

I will not—I have promised.

[*Enter PROVOST with OFFICERS.*]

PROVOST.

You must cut short your shrift.

SAVELLI.

Why so ?

GERARDO.

For what ?

PROVOST.

To go with me elsewhere.

SAVELLI.

Good Provost—not yet.

PROVOST.

Nay, but you shall—your time is mine—good friar—

Bring them along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Night.—A Room in the Prison.

CIMBELLI *chained and reading.*—DUCHESS and PRINCE of
ANDRIA *enter.*

PRINCE ANDRIA. (*To the Guards.*)

Stand at the door, outside—wait till we call.—

We hope the book you study teaches wisdom.

CIMBELLI.

It does—grant me but time enough and health,

I mean to pay it back, and write another.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

A book! good sooth—it must be short.—On what?

CIMBELLI.

We have ill usages in Spain and Naples—

Gentile, unscriptural, barbarous, impious, devilish—

Customs abhorr'd, abjured, and quite swept out

From lands less Christian than our own. In Spain

Ye burn the living man, and here in Naples

Torment him, rack him, rend him!—I have thoughts
To show the manifold sin of what ye do—
Open your eyes, warn you against this evil,
And serve you with my brains.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We are much beholden!
Hast ever pondered this before to-night?

CIMBELLI.

Believe me that I have, but lacked the leisure
Which now your Grace has given me. I will ask
The judgment of her highness too.

DUCHESS.

Yourself
Will try, in part, the grievance that you treat of,
And so be credited the more—for me,
I did not make the laws, and must obey them—
Yet think of these with you—they are what you say.

CIMBELLI.

Your Grace has mercy in your eyes—I saw
Compassion toward the Count; and once you promised
To love both him and me.

DUCHESS.

I did, Cimbelli.

CIMBELLI.

Now we will put it to the proof.

DUCHESS.

Talk wisely—
Error is not rebellion.

CIMBELLI.

What I ask

Squares well enough with both.

DUCHESS.

What is it then ?

CIMBELLI.

Let me be hanged forthwith—'tis no such matter
For one so great as you to beg. The prince
Designs me for the spit—he loves old forms :
I, as a soldier would be shot : the gibbet
Is built in neutral ground 'twixt him and me ;
Adjust our difference, reconciles extremes ;
Stands like a guide-post where our wishes meet,
And points a rough but speedy road to death—
Confronts mine own ambition and his thoughts
About midway—it arbitrates for both,
A honest sort of mediator, to make
The compromise a fair one. If your Grace
Has more than so much love, and would spare one—
Arezzi is the youngest—he may mend ;
I give my share to him.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

It is too late.

DUCHESS.

You should have thought upon his youth last night.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

He is beyond your power to help or harm.

CIMBELLI.

What, is he dead ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Would that he had been so,

When death were sad, not shameful !

CIMBELLI.

Murdered so soon ?

Most provident guardian of the young and desperate !

You do your business suddenly, prince Andria—

And now his lands are yours. Thou merciless butcher !

Bind him, and cut his throat ! The duke might find

His pity by to-morrow—he is young,

Nor is his heart grown hard. The Count Arezzi

Was his companion once—his play-fellow—

So you have lost no time !—May God requite you.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Peace, fool, I say.

CIMBELLI.

I wish my hands were loose,

And then the fool would let his tongue be idle—

But now get out, or hear me to the end.

Thou bloody, barbarous villain !—in prison and chains !

Cruel, unnatural, treacherous, pitiless fiend—

I will not hold my peace. Beware this leopard—

You had compassion on the Count—so mark—

Prince Andria is a traitor—warn the duke ;

Tell him to keep a collar round his neck !—

I know the savage better than ye both—

He will devour you too.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Blockhead—be quiet !

DUCESS.

These tears are signs of love—

CIMBELLI.

The south wind blind him !

No eyes but his have ever seen my tears—
Now let him light his fagots ; if he force
Another from my lids, or hear a prayer,
It shall be for his sins.

DUCHESS.

Hush ! hush !—Cimbelli—

Remember what we are.

CIMBELLI.

I do remember

What poor Arezzi was ; and nothing else.
’Twas I that pushed and spurr’d him where he fell !
His fault was too much love toward that thin wolf—
He would not let me send your devil below.—
For you—I hope you keep your soul from blood—
Else God forbid ! I trust you knew not of it?—
Tell me not what you are ! Arezzi loved you—
He made us swear upon our knees to save you—
Preserve your honors—guard and heal your peace—
And while our conscience smote us for our folly,
Faultered and boggled at an oath so vain—
He would take no part with us—but abjured
Our work and fellowship.

DUCHESS.

Dost speak the truth ?

CIMBELLI.

You had no hand in this ? I saw him weep
At what he fancied would be grief to you—

Yet he could find no mercy!

DUCHESS.

Poor lost Arezzi!

Unhappy as thou art! we drove thee out—
Our cold hard hearts were shut against our child!
Nay—Andria—I will speak.—O! shame upon us!
This stranger found and loved him—we destroyed him!
Now by my hopes of peace, I will be more
Than thou canst dream for this. Speak out, Cimbelli—
Excuse his frailties with the truth, and tell
His sufferings through the world—so God shall judge me,
The hand which lifts a finger to thy harm
Had better grasp my throat!—to thee I will be
All that I should have been to him—a mother!

CIMBELLI.

Then take that basilisk away—his looks
Are death to Charity.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Provost come in—

Unbind your prisoner there—and when he bids it,
Set the doors wide—he is as free as we are—
Let no man question where he goes.

[CIMBELLI is unchained—the Guards retire.]

You wished

Your hands were loose, Cimbelli, and now they are so.
Go walk in Naples as ourselves. Last night
Your sword was lost—take this, (*gives his sword*)—behold!
young man,
The father of Arezzi—not his murderer.

CIMBELLI.

His what?—his father?—art sure thou art his father?—
And not the father of lies?—who killed him then?

DUCHESS.

He is not killed—be wise.

CIMBELLI.

You say so too?

This is some train to set my fire a blazing.—

DUCHESS.

We love him as his parents—both.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Thou saidst

That when thy hands were free, thy tongue should rest.
So keep it mute a minute, and hear me speak.
Her highness and myself would gather up—
From that which once was whole—some rags of honor,
And clothe against the bleak and pitiless world
Arezzi's shame with these. He must go hence
Where men may count his errors with his years,
And sum the gross of both—think him a boy
Ill-taught, ill-counselled, blinded, ignorant, desperate.

DUCHESS.

Speak what you know, Cimbelli,—what even now
You told, with tears, to us.

CIMBELLI.

I ask two things—

Must I turn heathen first, and hang the rest
In last night's buffet?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

When I gave my sword,
It was to show my faith—not buy your treachery.

CIMBELLI.

The other I will forego.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Let us have both.

CIMBELLI.

That message to the king then—come, 'twas wicked?
Why wouldst thou have me burnt?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

What drunkard's dream
Is this of burning?

CIMBELLI.

Faith! I walk in fogs,
And may go wrong again!—the brother I know—
He is confessed and proved—as black as Erebus—
This ever was reputed good—I see
What makes me trust your Grace, and will do all
Which leaves mine honor uncorrupt.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Then haste,
The duke by this expects us. Let us hear
What some who think thee dead, may say about thee.
I would not have thee seen at first—be hidden
Till we shall bid thee speak. Come in—(*GUARDS enter*)
Here Marco—
Lend us your cloak and cap—stand close about him.

CIMBELLI.

Your staff too, friend—and button me to the nose.—

Now we are fellows, brothers, guards to the duke—

Strange mutabilities in mundane things!

This masking had ill luck last night.—March on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Hall in the Prison.—Night.

*Enter the DUKE, DUCHESS, CICILIA, PRINCE of ANDRIA,
with GUARDS, and followed by some OFFICERS of State.*

DUKE.

It may be hard—good cousin, to both—but yet

With pangs like these must pride be rooted up.

DUCHESS.

Let him behold the pearl his wrath has trod on—

Sit down with us.

DUKE.

His mother herself endures

All this to do him good—now take your places.

[*They sit at a Table.—AREZZI is brought in, chained.*]

DUCHESS.

Who bound these fetters on the Count?

DUKE.

What! Provost—

N

A noble, and uncondemned ?—take them away—(*The chains are taken off.*)

They grieve him less than us—trust me, Arezzi,
We had no share in this.

AREZZI.

I thank your Grace.

So much of courtesy might breed extremes
And shame us both—your highness, in refusing—
Myself, in asking—more—and yet it is
At last, scarce courtesy.

DUKE.

Tell me your wish.

AREZZI.

That what you mean to do—you will do soon—
What you would know, ask now : your eyes are witness—
There is no more to learn—let me go hence.

DUKE.

I would do so, but must not yet.—Go whither ?

AREZZI.

No matter where. I wish to lessen time,
Not pain—and shun, what grieves me worse than death—
And not death too—these faces and your own.

DUKE.

They should awaken more than grief, Arezzi !

AREZZI.

If you remember what I was, or hope
Yourself to be remembered—sit not there
With studious wisdom settled in your face—
You and your queen to gaze ! be like a king,

And chuse some nobler kind of hate than this.
Your questions cannot reach beyond myself.
If torments must instruct these lips in treachery—
I know my weakness, and will trust elsewhere—
Try them before you sleep.

DUKE.

O! God forbid!

You shall think justly of us both.

DUCHESS.

For her,

These tears must answer if she loves thee—thankless!
She is not, and she never was unfaithful.

DUKE.

A queen! she might have been—but love though cruel,
Outweighed two kingdoms, and Arezzi still
Is more than sovereignty.

DUCHESS.

She gave her promise—
And kept her faith, to you and me, Arezzi—
I trusted, you did not.

AREZZI.

My prayer was heard!

The other half will follow.

DUKE.

You wronged me too.

DUCHESS.

This child! prince Andria's innocent!—He who sends
His nurse to choose his wife!—was thus far manly—
He threw the arms which Fortune gave aside,

Put by his power, unrobed himself of greatness,
Forgot the privilege of his place, and stood
Fairly—as far as will could make it even—
On level ground before you. When he failed,
He did not hate his conqueror.

DUKE.

Ask herself—

You will believe Cicilia now.

AREZZI.

I do.

A greater error lessens shame for this,
Which yet is shameful.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

There are more than these—

Greater than both! you will not think them so—
But he who cleanses what were else corrupt,
And may impute no sin to love like yours—
Commands a purer service, calls it duty,
And makes his peace its blessing.

DUCHESS.

Tell us now

If Andria and myself, in twenty years,
Were less than parents to you?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

When we erred,

Was it through want of love?

DUCHESS.

You should have felt

No less than may become a child toward us.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

O! but we changed of late—frowned on your hopes,
Lessened our bounties, and for what we did,
Made will and power the prologues!

DUCHESS.

Alas! Arezzi—

Faith is too slow of growth for twenty years!
Distrust can root itself, wax gross, and bear
Its fruits to ripeness in a month!—We could not—
Till Ferdinand had renounced his love, the king
Had sent forgiveness to myself and Andria—
We dared not tell you what you are.

AREZZI.

What am I?

DUCHESS.

Our son.

AREZZI.

Your son!

DUCHESS.

Those whose place you struck at,
Were, what they are, in blood as well as fondness,
Your father, mother, cousins.

AREZZI.

Have mercy—God!

Save me from this!

DUCHESS.

Such tears become my child.
We too have err'd—and will reproach no more.
You shall embrace your mother.

AREZZI.

O, no, no—

Shame never found a place near breasts like yours,
Nor must it now. There is a curse above us;
Sorrow and danger fall on all who love me,
And all I love—only thus far forgive—
If it were yours, recal it. (*He kneels, and rests his head on
the table.*)

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Bring these friars.

[SAVELLI and GERARDO are brought in.

What led you here last night?—do you speak first.

SAVELLI.

My duty, prince.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Your office then is dangerous.

SAVELLI.

It is, but urgent.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Does it nourish rebels?

SAVELLI.

It comforts all, but most the fallen and guilty.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We know your charity.

SAVELLI.

Your highness knows

More than you love or practise then! I am
Confessor to the Count, I was his tutor—
And, feeble as I may be in myself,

The Churches servant shall perform her will,
If princes chide or not.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Thou insolent priest !

The Church disclaims a traitor.

SAVELLI.

In her name,

I scorn his lie who calls me such. The Count
May tremble, but he knows the truth—does he
Perjure his soul—and for a life of shame,
Impute to me his treasons ?

AREZZI (*rising.*)

I do not—

SAVELLI.

Hear that—and one as noble as yourself—
Too poor, indeed, to be a proud man's brother—
But yet, your father's son. Speak what thou knowest.

GERARDO.

I will.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

You shall be called on soon, and then
May answer for yourself—we have your billets—
We know your messages—Savelli first
Must meet his brethren here, whose backs may bring
Their abbey's chest untired.

GERARDO.

Ah ! thus it is—

Time never mollifies ! Before they hear us,
Our next in blood—whose cradle was our own—

Whose flesh and bones are ours—rise up against us!
Savelli knows me what I am, and not
What I may once have been—do I speak truth?
Should I be trusted, brother?

SAVELLI.

Both.

GERARDO.

Why then—

As there is hope of better worlds than this—
Thou art a traitor.—What dost gaze at, man?
I do not fear to speak my words twice o'er—
A cruel, cozening, barbarous, devilish traitor!
Thou hast betrayed thy friend, ensnared the guiltless,
Made me a blind partaker in thy knavery—
This thou hast done—shame on thee, hypocrite!
Andria may trust me now.

SAVELLI.

Thou double-faced fiend!

GERARDO.

Go on—revile, accuse, eat thine own words,
Warn all against belief!—the snare is broken,
And like a frightened bird, I spread my wings
Where truth shall be my resting place.—What was I?
A carrier of his billets! message-bearer!
A runner to and fro in frauds and treasons?
Were these the treasurer's alms? his charities?
His debts and dues?—O! fie, fie, fie!

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Stop now—

And tell us if it were your office too
Which brought you here last night?

GERARDO.

Brother! it was

My love toward that bad man; false pity, fear,
Amazement, and the credit of our house
Now lost! quite gone! Behold him wild with haste,
Half-choked, like one pursued, distraught, possessed,
And bellowing where I lay—O! help me, save me!—
He kneels beside my bed—and looks behind—
Attests the spiritual fellowship between us—
And by our common vows, adjures my pity—
Tells me this treason in the Count, and shows
Some knowledge near to guilt: through me, perchance,
As brother to the prince—these doors may open—
Arezzi must be silenced. Half awake
I rise and follow him—but, ye saints above!
What plots! what snares!—how many oaths and curses!
Fierce vows, relentless wishes, bloody hopes,
And lamentations o'er abortive crime!—
Yes—both of them repent—but what? that murder
Had not been tried more secretly.—One owns
His trust betrayed, the abbey's treasury spent
To fee conspiracy.

DUKE.

This was your friend

For whom you testified so much? whose grace
Shone like a glory round him? He was learned
In all good studies, but the most in those
Which lead to godliness!

GERARDO.

What does this prove?
Your Grace reminds me well—what does it prove?
Marry—what else but that I loved the man,
And did believe him faithful? He has blinded
One wiser than myself—my brother there.

SAVELLI.

Answer this slave, Arezzi.

AREZZI.

When I swore,
It was to both.

GERARDO.

Now will your highness hear!
There was an oath then—do I lie or not?
Savelli tendered poison to the Count—
He has it in his bosom still—by this
My words are verified.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Take it away—

[SAVELLI *takes out the poison, and drinks it.*

DUKE.

Lay hold upon the friar!—too late!

GERARDO.

No matter—

'Tis poison I know.

SAVELLI.

I leave him to your Grace—
May all believe and trust him!

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Till last night

You never heard of this conspiracy?

GERARDO.

Never—till late last night. Hold there, one moment!
Let me be sure—good sooth—I said too much!
I do bethink me of an iron-tongued prater—
The zany of some mountebank decayed—
What was it that they called his name?—a patch
With perilous impudence, brimful of lies
Which bubbled from him daily all day long,
And yet were never spent—a traveller's book
Where every nation's folly found its place,
And all mens' sins, a record—One who had
No soul to be ashamed of—so no shame.
He was Arezzi's counsellor, till his skull
Split on the palace stairs last night—I think
They called the knave—Cimbelli.

AREZZI.

Slandorous liar!

Beware to tempt me further—this Cimbelli
Was noble, if nobility be truth,
And good, if what is faithful lean from evil!—
Yet thou dost well—he was the impostor's scourge,
And hypocrites abhorr'd him.

DUCHESS.

Peace, awhile—

What more of this Cimbelli?

GERARDO.

May I speak?—

So! mercy on us! need these traitors patience!—

The ape we talk about, now two days gone,
Came where I could not shun him, held me fast
And said—"We shall require your prayers, and you
"May then leave off to pray. The prince, your brother,
"Must turn into a monk instead, yourself
"Shall be a prince." I smiled upon the sot
And asked him, when? he answered, "When the duke
"Is Count Arezzi's subject, and the Count
"Becomes a king."—I do not chide with drunkards,
So bade him go and sleep.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Where is Cimbelli?

[CIMBELLI *throws aside his cloak and cap, and comes forward.*

AREZZI.

Cimbelli!

CIMBELLI.

Ay, Cimbelli—who has heard—
Despite the proverb of a listener's fortunes—
Some good about himself at last. He kept
His peace with much ado. Behold me, father,
One of his highness' guards—a man in trust;
The prince your brother gave his zany this—

[*Shows his sword.*

Dost take me for my ghost?—prithee leave staring—
He did not mean to burn me—what thou saidst
Of letters written by his Grace to Spain,
Then signed and sealed by thee—was fanciful.
The Inquisitors have other fish to fry.
Let the prince live!—besides, why should we kill him?

His lands and honors cannot fall to thee :
He is provided with an heir—Arezzi
Is nephew to your reverence, and his son.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

You hear the truth—what else ?

SAVELLI.

Let me speak once.

The darkness gathers round me—I would die
With one sin less—Arezzi fell through treachery—
Beware Gerardo, prince !—Give me some help ;
Trust not that scorpion—mercy—O !—no mercy !
[He falls and is carried out.]

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Take him away.

PROVOST.

He points, and tries to speak.

GERARDO.

Is this your son indeed ?

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Get thee hence—Cain !

GERARDO.

Andria, we both must go—and childless both—
We leave no heirs behind us.

[He takes a dagger from his breast and stabs AREZZI.]

Half is done !

Now, brother, for thyself.

DUCHESS.

Lay hold upon him—

[As GERARDO passes round the table to PRINCE ANDRIA—

CIMBELLI strikes him with his sword, and throws him down.]

CIMBELLI.

Incarnate devil!—canst die? your sword, prince Andria,
Has done its master service!

CICILIA.

Look, he bleeds—

Save him—bring help!

AREZZI.

It is not much.

DUCHESS.

Child, child!

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Look up and speak, my son.

CIMBELLI.

Courage, Arezzi!

He struck but once, bear ye that carcase out—

[*To the GUARDS.*]

It grins with mischief still.

AREZZI.

Let me lie down.

CICILIA.

Will no one stop this blood! he bleeds to death—
There is no help, no pity!

AREZZI.

I deserve none—

And least of all from you—yet have I loved
To guilt and madness—you will pardon now?

CICILIA.

O! do not speak of pardon—all need pardon!
It is imperfect love that can forgive—
Mine never felt but grief.

PRINCE ANDRIA.

Look ! the blood stops !

CICILIA.

We may be happy yet.

AREZZI.

O ! never, never !—

The pardoned traitor happy ! I have brought
Shame on yourself, and these.

DUCHESS.

Good God ! good God !

Make me be patient—I would learn to suffer—
Yet now be merciful !

AREZZI.

It was his mercy

I did not die last night—he never blesses
Him whom a father loves, yet cannot bless !

PRINCE ANDRIA.

We both have blessed thee, child—

AREZZI.

Come near, Cimbelli—

For my sake serve my mother—raise me higher,
So, I feel strength and less in pain—this blood
Which drains my heart, still leaves its guilt behind !

DUCHESS.

Hush, hush ! we call not ignorance, guilt—and error
May end in peace.

AREZZI.

No error leads to this—

It makes us not ungrateful ! Let men call me

The parricide Arezzi! I have been
Opinion's fool too long. Yourselves, my parents—
Ah! better never known as such, than now—
Will fear to grieve while sorrow looks like sin!
Go, wash your hands—and say that God is just—
He strikes the guilty! One will pity still,
Whose meekness has endured so much, and borne
Distrust, reproach, unkindness! Let the rest
Forget me, or abhor me—I shall find
A place where all things else are good and pure,
For long remembrance—promise this, Cicilia.

CICILIA.

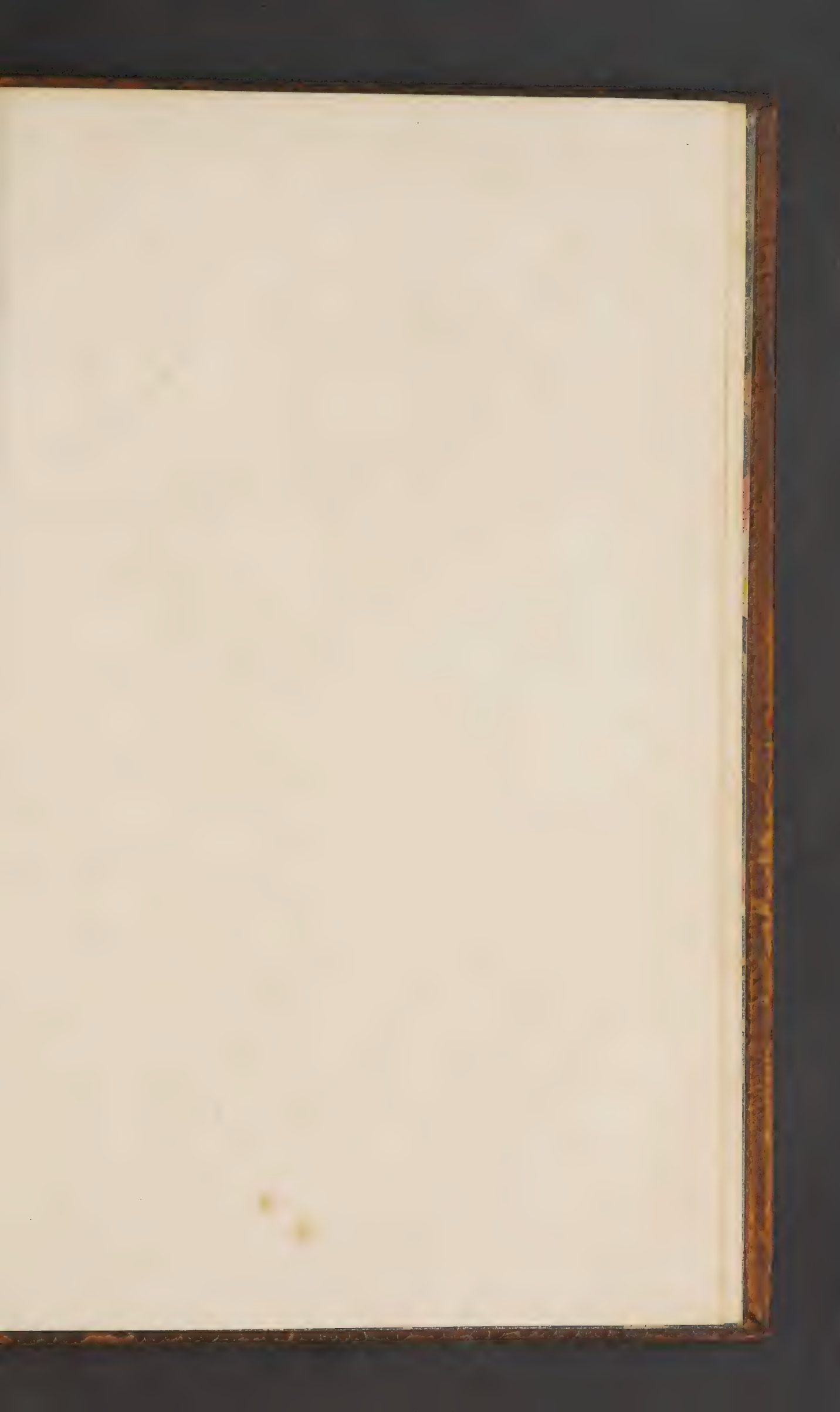
I do.

AREZZI.

Forgive me—O! those lips once more—
They make death easier—all is silence here—
Speak to me—do not leave me—love me still—
Forgive the ungrateful—speak—good God! just God!

[*Dies.*

THE END.



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